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6d. FORTNIGHTLY

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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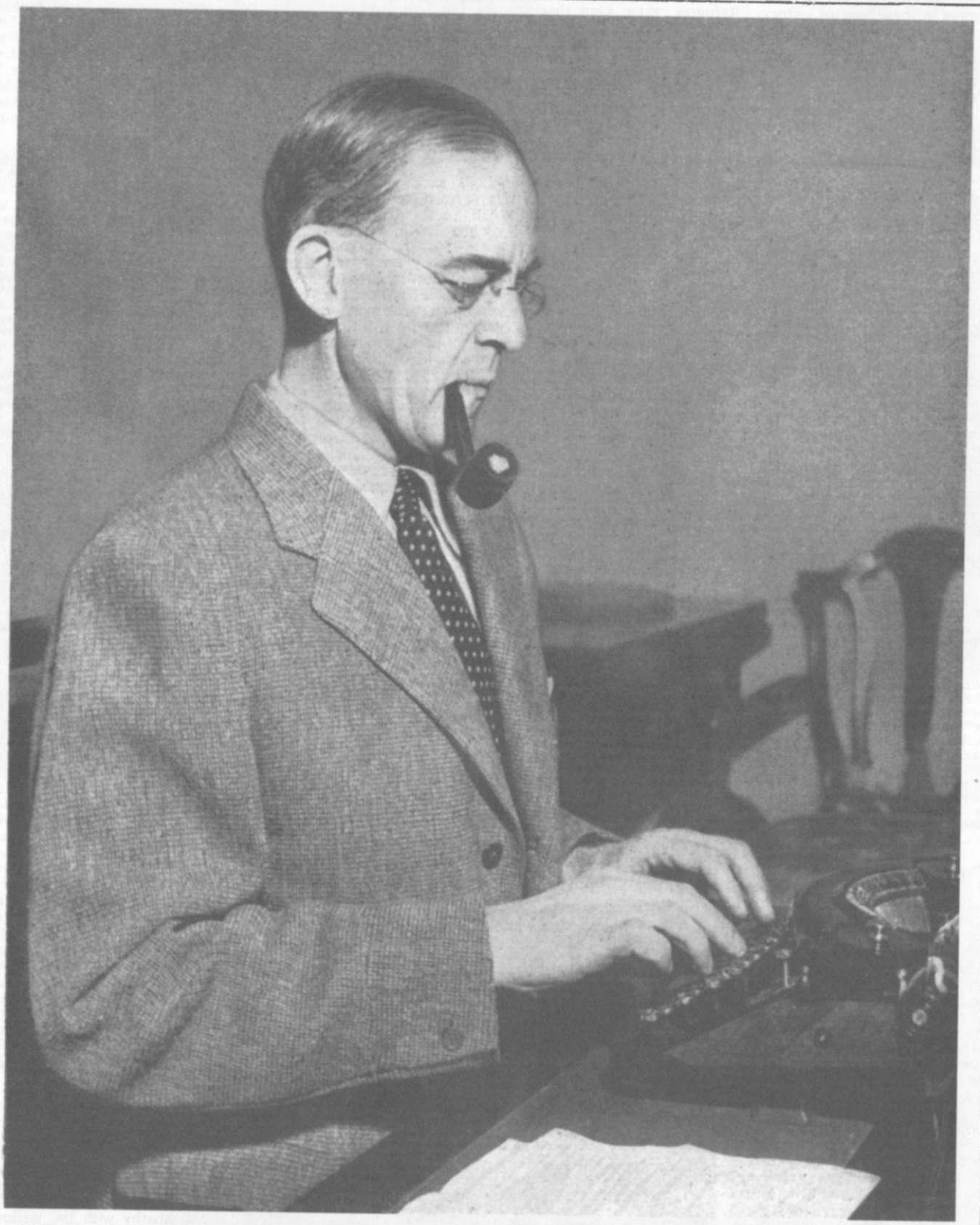


SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, Lord Privy Seal, who has gone to India as a member of the War Cabinet to consult with representatives of all parties on the acceptability of a new Government plan "to aid India in the realization of self-government," to use Mr. Churchill's own words. Sir Stafford Cripps will also, during his visit, consult with the Viceroy and General Wavell upon the military situation. India is the subject of a special article and of the photogravure section in this number.

Photo, Topical Press

NO. 126 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, APRIL 17

HONGKONG & NANKING: A TALE OF HORROR

HARDLY had Hongkong fallen, when horrible tales began to be told of the things that were done by the Japanese in their hour of victory. Refugees who managed to reach Kwantung in Chinese territory reported that in Kowloon, the mainland portion of the colony, "after dark nothing but screams and cries and police whistles were heard from Dec. 12 to Dec. 25." Homes and shops were looted, and gangsters went about demanding money as the price of their "protection." British women had been raped both in Kowloon and Hongkong, and some had been rounded up and handed over to Japanese officers.

AT first there was hope that these stories contained (as most atrocity stories do) an element of excited exaggeration. But day by day evidence has accumulated, and we are now assured that the testimony of eye-witnesses has established the fact that, following the capitulation, Japanese troops were let loose to indulge their savage hates and brutal lusts—that they embarked upon an orgy of licence in which were involved the military prisoners, now disarmed and helpless, and the civilian population, without distinction of race or colour, sex or age. Some account of the terrible happenings that are alleged to have occurred was given by Mr. Eden, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in a statement made in the House of Commons on March 10.

"It is known (he said) that 50 officers and men of the British Army were bound hand and foot and then bayoneted to death. It is known that 10 days after the capitulation wounded were still being collected from the hills and the Japanese were refusing permission to bury the dead. It is known that women, both Asiatic and European, were raped and murdered, and that one entire Chinese district was declared a brothel, regardless of the status of the inhabitants. All the survivors of the garrison, including Indians, Chinese, and Portuguese, have been herded into a camp consisting of wrecked huts without doors, windows, light, or sanitation. By the end of Jan 150 cases of dysentery had occurred in the camp, but no drugs or medical facilities were supplied. The dead had to be buried in a corner of the camp .... Most of the European residents, including some who are seriously ill, have been interned, and, like the military prisoners, are being given only a little rice and water and occasional scraps of other food."

THE Japanese guards, Mr. Eden continued, were utterly callous, and repeated requests made by General Maltby, the General Officer Commanding, for an interview with the Japanese commander had been curtly refused, which presumably means that the Japanese High Command have connived at the conduct of their forces. Fortunately, there is some reason to believe that conditions have slightly improved recently, but still the Japanese Government have refused their consent to the visit to Hongkong of a representative of the Protecting Power (the Argentine Republic), and no permission has yet been granted for such a visit by the representative of the International Red Cross Committee. Moreover, since the Japanese have required all the foreign consuls to withdraw from territories they have invaded since the outbreak of war, it is clear that their treatment of prisoners and civilians will not bear independent investigation.

In opening his statement Mr. Eden declared that the barbarities indulged in by the Japanese at Hongkong were of the same kind that aroused the horror of the civilized world at the time of the Nanking massacre in 1937. But memories are short, and it may be doubted whether what happened at Nanking four years ago made any deep and lasting impression on the public conscience. After all, in those days China seemed a very long way away, and what happened to the Chinese could *never* happen to us or ours . . .

THE story of Nanking's sack is full of horrors, and this is no place to dilate upon them; details will be found in, e.g., Edgar Snow's "Scorched Earth," where it is stated that some 50,000 Japanese troops were let loose in the city for over a month in an orgy of rape, murder, looting, and general debauchery, which has nowhere been equalled in modern times. The number of slaughtered has been put at no less than 42,000, a large percentage of whom were women and children, and not a female between the ages of 10 and 70 escaped violation. Thousands of stores and houses were systematically stripped of all their stocks and furnishings by gangs of soldiers working under their officers' supervision, and then set ablaze. The homes of foreign diplomats were entered and their servants murdered. Privates did as they pleased; officers either participated themselves, or excused the conduct of their men by explaining that as a conquered people the Chinese could expect nothing else. Japanese Embassy officials were aghast at the excesses, but were powerless to do anything to stop it.

Nanking was no isolated instance of Japanese frightfulness. The fate of the Koreans and the Formosans makes a grim chapter in the chronicles of Japanese militarism. Shocking things were done in Manchuria before it became the puppet state of Manchukuo. Shanghai had its scenes of terror in 1932, and one appalling incident in particular is remembered, when at the Kiangwan racecourse some Japanese officers (to quote Edgar Snow again) "lined up a number of captured Chinese civilians, including women and children, and ordered their newly-arrived troops to use them for bayonet practice. When a soldier made a clumsy thrust he had to repeat the performance until he had perfected his technique, or overcome his timidity."

Then for the last five years, as General Chiang Kai-shek told the Indians in his special message the other day:

"the civilian population of Free China has been subjected to almost daily bombings from the air and bombardments by heavy artillery. In every place invaded by the Japanese troops men, women and children have been assaulted or killed. Young men, educated people, and men with ideas and intelligence have been singled out for torture and specially severe treatment. Institutions of culture, objects of historical interest and value, even articles necessary for the people's livelihood, such as cooking utensils, ploughs, and tools have been destroyed. In places under Japanese military occupation robbery, rapine, incendiarism and murder are frequent occurrences. Moreover, the Japanese soldiers have, with official connivance, opened opium dens, gambling dens, and houses of ill-fame everywhere in order to sap the vitality of the Chinese people, and destroy their spirit. Such is the disgraceful conduct of the Japanese . . ."

WHY do Japanese soldiers commit these crimes against humanity? It is because they are *trained* to do it; because, from the day he first puts on his uniform, all the training of the Japanese soldier makes for endurance, hardness, contempt for pain suffered—which inevitably leads to indifference to pain inflicted. From his mother's knee he is taught that no career is so honourable as that of the soldier. He sees himself as a humble instrument of the Emperor's will, destined to contribute his mite to the conquest of East Asia, perhaps of all Asia, perhaps the whole world. If he is a private he boasts that he belongs to an army which has never been defeated; if he is an officer, then he needs no reminder that a Japanese officer should never be captured alive. He is taught the code of *Bushido* (his profession of which was denounced by Mr. Eden as "a nauseating hypocrisy") which embodies the seven military virtues—loyalty, valour, patriotism, obedience, humility, morality, and honour. He is taught that no privilege is so great as to die for the Emperor; if he is killed in battle he will go to no wishy-washy heaven, or join the houris in the Moslem paradise, but his name will be enshrined in the family temple. He will be remembered and revered by his children's children, and although not quite a god like his Emperor, he will be something of a "godlet."

WOE TO THE CONQUERED! Reports of Japanese atrocities at Hongkong have deeply moved public opinion, but such happenings have long been everyday occurrences in China. This picture of human misery, a woman weeping over her husband's corpse, dates from the sack of Nanking in 1937. *Photo, Associated Press*

THESE are the men we are up against; these are the things they believe and the things they do. We may exhaust all the adjectives of condemnation, but, as Mr. Eden said in concluding his statement, "we can best express our sympathy with the victims of these appalling outrages by redoubling our efforts to ensure Japan's utter and overwhelming defeat."

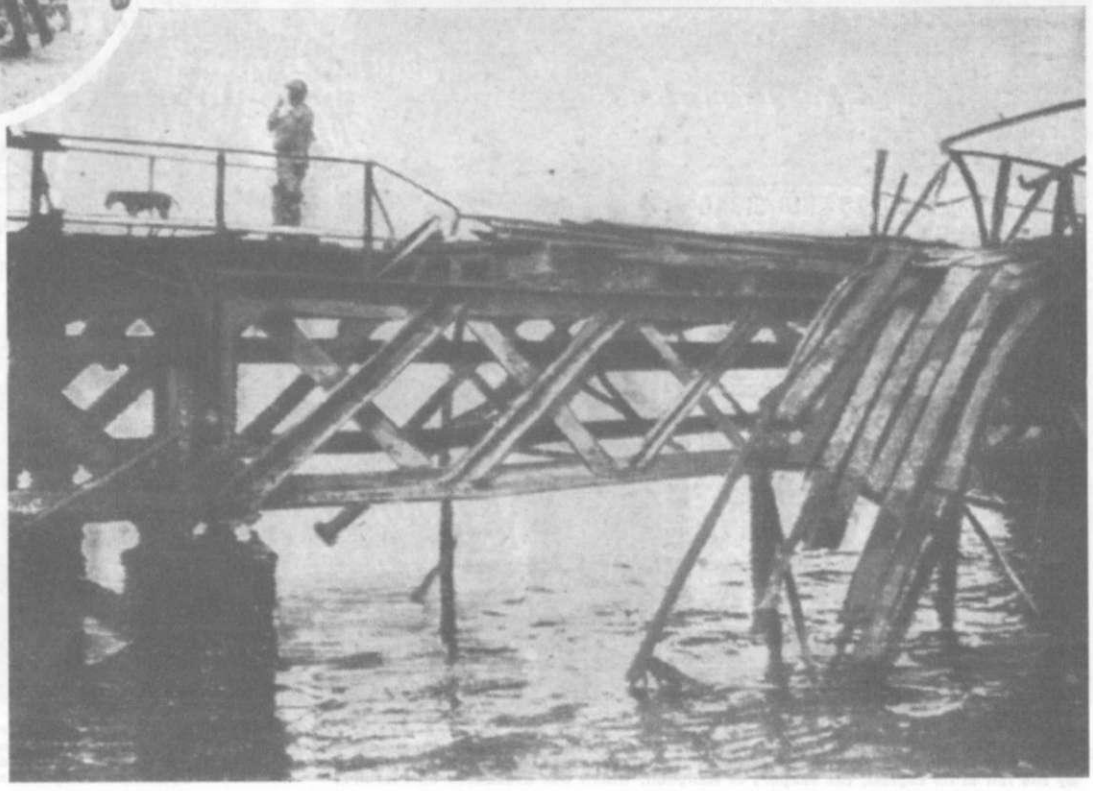
E. ROYSTON PIKE

Where the First Bombs Dropped on Australia's Soil

AFTER A JAP RAID on Darwin in which considerable damage was done to property. The huge crater in front of the demolished post office is shown in this photograph radioed from Melbourne.

DAMAGE AT DARWIN. A building in the Main Street in this important North Australian town, after a Japanese bomb had fallen (top left). Darwin was raided for the first time on the morning of Feb. 19 and a second raid followed an hour or two later.

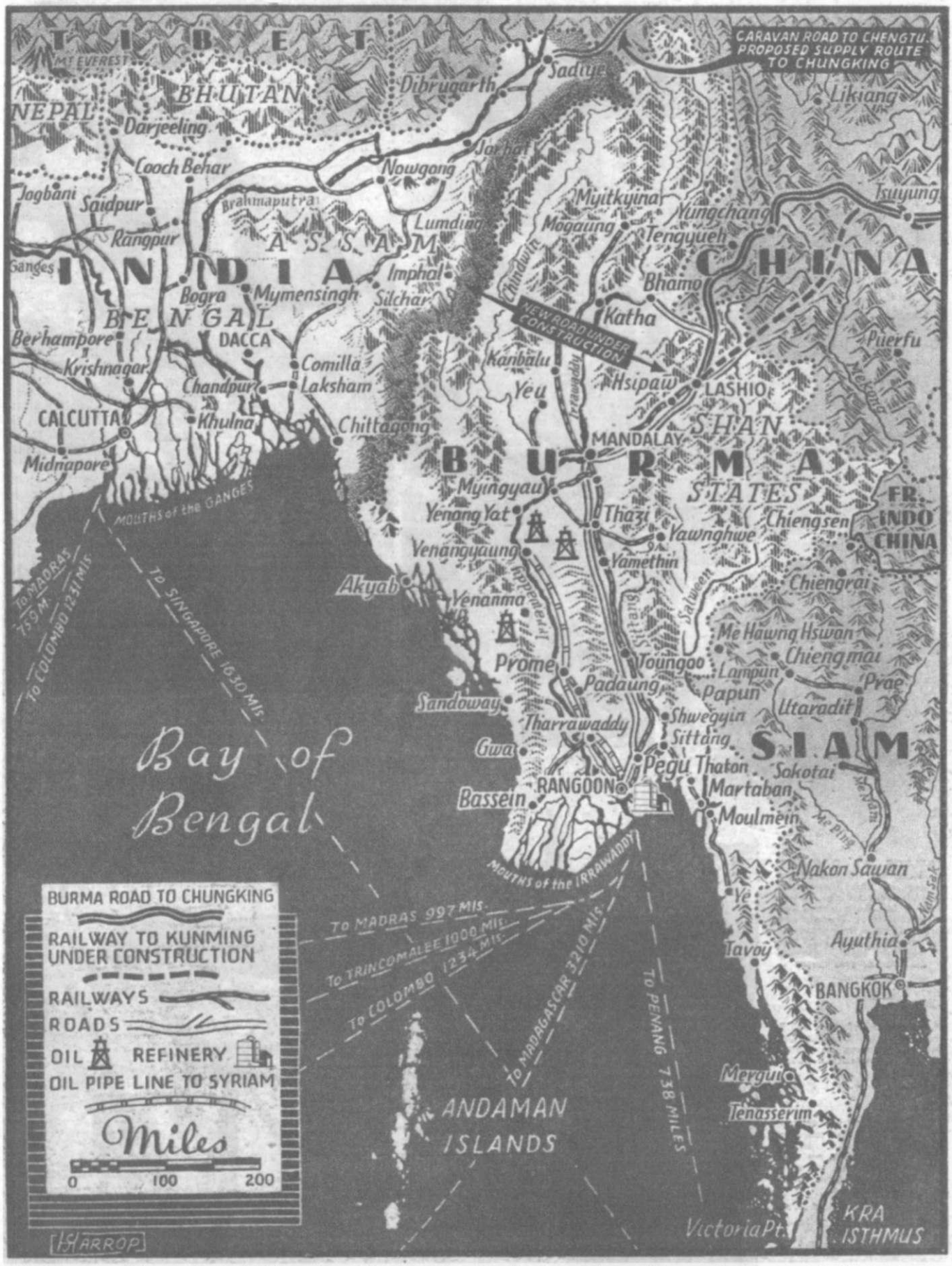
Circle, men of the A.I.F. manning the Darwin Defences entering a sandbagged observation post.



Right, the smashed jetty at Port Darwin after the first raids on Australia. In the two attacks made on that day, six enemy aircraft are known to have been destroyed.

Photos, Keystone, Planet News, Sport & General

Where the Invader Is Next Door to India



BURMA, separated from peninsular India by the Bay of Bengal, and from Bengal and Assam by parallel mountain chains covered with thick jungle, is the bastion which covers India's eastern land flank. It is, too, the connecting link between India and China, and as such its conquest would be of inestimable value to Japan. With Malaya, Thailand and Indo-China in the grip of Japan, the threat to Burma is a grave one, made even more serious by the fall of its capital, the seaport of Rangoon, which was evacuated on March 8. *Specially drawn for* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Harrop*

'Too Few, Too Late': The Tragedy of Rangoon

Less than a month after the Japanese marched into Singapore they added Rangoon to their list of conquests. Below we give an account of the last hours of the great city—one of the chief centres of British political and commerical greatness in the Far East—and of the supremely gallant efforts made to save it by General Hutton's all too small and weak force.

"THE loss of Rangoon," General Wavell told L. Marsland Gander, The Daily Telegraph special correspondent, who interviewed him at New Delhi on March 13, "is in some respects even more serious a blow than the loss of Singapore. It brings the war much closer to India, and threatens our communication with China. As in Malaya, reinforcements were insufficient, they arrived too late, and were insufficiently trained." To which must be added the fact that once again the Japanese were greatly superior in the air.

But there is consolation—although of a very sorry kind—in the fact that it was a dead and ruined city that was abandoned to the Japanese. Weeks before the last British troops marched out, a thorough-going "scorched earth" scheme had been elaborated to the smallest detail, and when the moment came it was carried out in the most ruthless fashion. Great warehouses, docks, quays and jetties were blown up or set on fire. The smoke from burning petrol dumps billowed to heaven. Hundreds of trucks and cars which had arrived by boat were destroyed in their cases without being unpacked. Other stocks and stores were dumped into the harbour. Finally, the important Syriam oil refineries, 20 miles down the river, were completely demolished beyond repair, and the pipe-line bringing oil from the fields 300 miles to the north was cut.

While this organized destruction was going on, there was an outbreak of hooliganism and looting by the city's criminal elements. One night the largest department store in the city was ransacked; the looters smashed what they could not take away and dumped quantities of abandoned goods in the streets. "Asiatic quislings," wrote O. D. Gallagher of The Daily Express, "whose emotions against the whites have been worked up by the Japanese radio, sneak around the city at night as fire-bugs. Buildings burned all day. Debris littered the streets with the bodies of dead dogs and dead looters, shot during the night by military patrols."

No City So Well Defended

Another eye-witness of the drama was Philip Jordan of the News Chronicle. He cabled on March 1 that it was not safe to go into the centre of the town without some kind of weapon, and often as not the only way to deal with the looters was to shoot them without mercy. He drew a picture of a dead and tragic city, filled with relics of family life left behind. As yet there was an abundance of food and drink, and if you turned looter and cared to get drunk several times a day you could do so without so much as by your leave. "Such is Rangoon today," he concluded, "slices of great and unnatural peace, and great and unnatural horror; a lily festering in sunlight. But the abiding memory will always be of great bravery against great odds."

None described that battle with a more powerful pen than Philip Jordan himself. In a dispatch telegraphed on March 3 he declared that Rangoon had been defended with a gallantry which, even if it had been equalled, had never been surpassed in the military history of the British Empire. "Without respite, without relief, without adequate sleep, short of equipment and sometimes without food for as long as six days at a time, a force formed from among British regiments as well as Indian and local troops has been fighting a regularly reinforced and freshened Japanese force, at least three times as large, for the past 44 days." Lt.-Gen. Hutton's troops had done more, suffered more, and endured more than any troops who have yet fought in this war. "No city in the world has been defended as Rangoon has been defended by Britain's forgotten men. But if they are forgotten now, if they seem remote now, the time will come when their names will head the roll of military glory."

Then Mr. Jordan proceeded to tell of the great stand which had been made by Hutton's men on the banks of the Sittang River.

THEY FOUGHT IN BURMA

British.—Duke of Wellington's Regiment, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Cameronians, West Yorkshire Regt., Gloucestershire Regt., Royal Tank Corps.

Burmese.—Burma Sappers and Miners, Burma Rifles, Burma Army Service Corps.

Indian.—Indian Artillery, Indian Signal Corps, Jat Regiment, Baluchi Regiment, Dogra Regiment, Frontier Force Regiment, Gurkha Rifles, Indian Army Service Corps, Indian Hospital Corps.

If they are forgotten now, the time will come when their names will head the roll of military glory.—Philip Jordan, in the News Chronicle.

In the early hours of the morning of Feb. 23 (he wrote), it was found to be impossible any longer to hold the bridgehead on the east side of the Sittang River. Although many of our troops—men of the K.O.Y.L.I. and the Duke of Wellington's Regiment—were on the wrong side of the river fighting the enemy, our sappers, at 5.30 a.m., blew up the bridge "efficiently and gallantly." There then began what one man who took part in it described as "a party that made Dunkirk look like a picnic." And it is impossible to disbelieve him. Bombed, shelled, machine-gunned from the air, mortared, hundreds of doomed men began to swim the river, at this point some 800 yards wide.

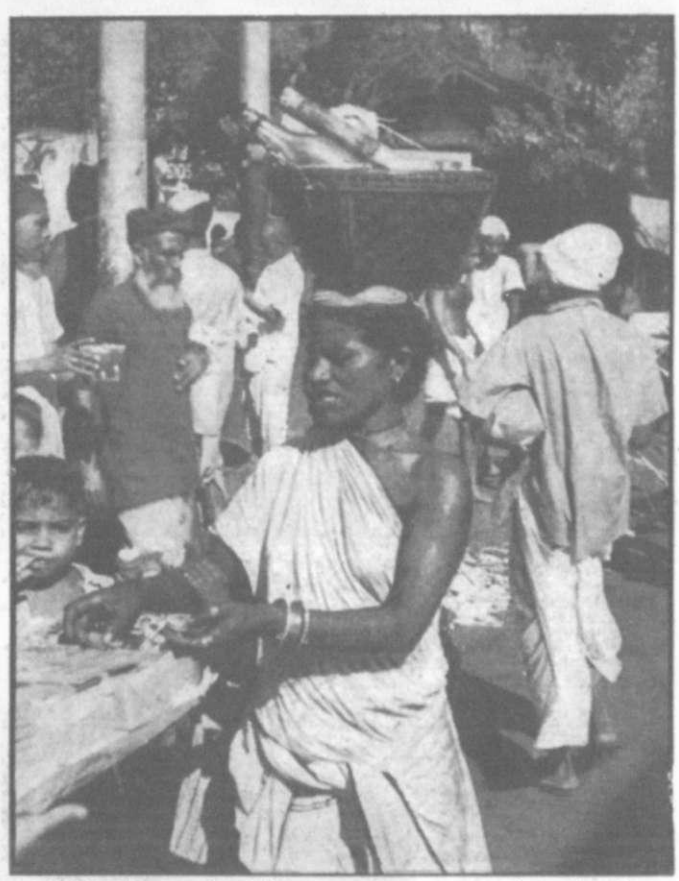
For the next three days and the next three nights hundreds of heads bobbed in torn waters, struggling to reach the far shore. How many men were drowned, how many died beneath the cruel punishment from the air, is not yet known. Abandoning all but their arms and the clothes they stood up in, men plunged into the swift current and struck out for "home." Those who could not swim snatched logs, clusters of bamboos, anything that would float, and kicked their way across—not to safety but to positions from which, without any rest, they would be forced to fight again, even though they had already fought since Jan. 16.

A brigadier who himself swam the river and whose red tabs are today sadly but honourably faded as a result, says that he saw gallantry there that he never saw even in the last war; that he saw and experienced a situation there more desperate than any he had ever known. He says that perhaps the most wonderful thing of all was the way in which the wounded were cared for and ferried across beneath the blaze of the Burman sun and the hail of Japanese steel. Doors, rafts, anything in fact on which a man could be laid were launched, and men acting as outboard motors slowly yet painfully ferried them across.

But this is not all. Then when there was no ferry of any kind to be found, men lowered the wounded gently into the water and, treating them as life-savers treat drowning men, swam them to the far bank. Thus the remnants of one of the most gallant forces of history came back to reform, to re-equip, and to fight again.

On March 4 it was officially announced in Rangoon that the Japanese had crossed the Sittang, and that the British patrols were in contact with the enemy at Waw and north-east of Pegu. Two days later the decision was taken by the military authorities—who had been left in charge of the city by Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith when he removed the seat of Government to Mandalay on March 3—to withdraw the last British forces. So the final essential demolitions were put in hand, and the next day Rangoon was even more than it had been before a dead city, lying under a pall of smoke rising from the fires caused by the demolition parties and the bands of saboteurs and looters.

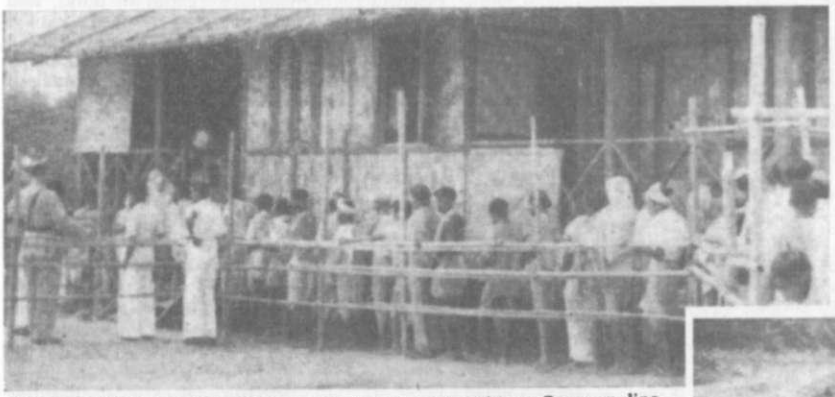
According to the Japanese, a general attack on Rangoon began at nine o'clock on the evening of Saturday, March 7. The British encampment in the neighbourhood of Mingaladon, they claimed, was surprised by the Japanese right wing, while their left attacked it from the rear. Finally at dawn the next day they entered the city and hoisted the flag of the Rising Sun above the railway station. High columns of smoke were still rising to the sun from the burning wharves as the Japanese marched in; warehouses and docks were still smouldering. In almost plaintive tone the Japanese complained of the ruthless plundering of Japanese establishments and destruction worked by the British troops before they made their retreat.



RANGOON—a study of Burmese types at an open-air market-place. When Rangoon fell on March 8 fires were raging all over the city, many of them caused by looters and saboteurs. *Photo, Paul Popper*

Still the Story Is One of Retreat in Burma

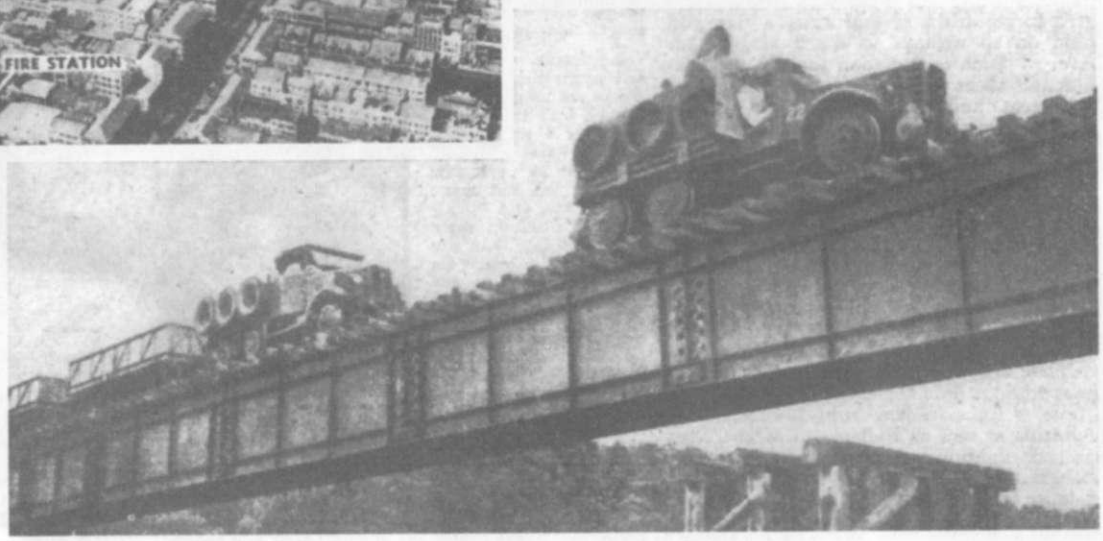
INDIAN TROOPS use sturdy Texas mules to carry the guns of a mounted battery over the rough terrain of Burma (left).



HOMELESS BURMESE, victims of the Japanese air raids on Rangoon, line up at a food distribution centre. Circle right, Burmese labourers building surface shelters in Rangoon, which was heavily raided in the days prior to its evacuation.

British troops crossing a river in Burma. Burma's rivers, Salween, Bilin, and Sittang, have been the scene of fierce fighting to hold up the Japanese advance.

RANGOON, the fall of which was officially announced on March 9. When the Japanese occupied the town only a shell remained. The "scorched earth" policy left nothing of use for the invaders.



JAP INGENUITY overcame the difficulty of this destroyed bridge in Burma. One girder was left on which the Japs placed railway lines. By transferring railway wheels to the lorries they got wagons across.

Photos, Planet News, G.P.U., Keystone, British Official: Crown Copyright

The Inevitable Tragedy of Java's Fall

Shortly after midday on Saturday, March 7, there came a final message from the Dutch in Bandoeng, and below we quote its most important passages. The last words from the cable station were, "Now we shut down. Long live our Queen! Good-bye till better times."

JUST a week after the Japanese landings in force, organized resistance in Java came to an end. From Tokyo came a report that shortly before midnight on Saturday, March 7, a Dutch general, carrying a white flag, approached the Japanese lines and offered to open negotiations for surrender. The next afternoon at three o'clock the commander of the Japanese forces met the Dutch Governor-General, Jonkheer A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer, at Kalidjati. It appears that the Governor-General consented at first to the surrender only of the troops in the Bandoeng sector, but on the Japanese commander insisting on the unconditional surrender of all the Dutch forces in the island, Jkr. Stachouwer promised to order the cessation of hostilities at 10 o'clock on the following morning. The number of troops affected, claimed the Japanese, was 93,000 Dutch and 5,000 British, Australians and Americans.

Tragic as the surrender was, it was none the less inevitable. Dutch officers who escaped to Australia asserted that the Japanese had landed another 50,000 men in Java on March 7, and that they had some 60,000 in the neighbourhood of the Dutch naval base of Surabaya. Resistance in Eastern Java was dwindling to a close, and the Japanese claimed to have entered Surabaya, itself, which they admitted was burning "because of the incendiarism carried out by the retreating Dutch troops." Most of Western Java had been overrun, too, and the defence lines around Bandoeng pierced.

'Whatever Made You Fight?'

An account of the "unconditional surrender" of the Dutch forces was issued by the Japanese News Agency. "Cars displaying the white flag draw up before the buildings on Kalidjati aerodrome (it read). The men who descend from them are General ter Poorten (the Dutch C.-in-C.), his Chief of Staff, Lt.-Gen Buckels, a staff officer and two interpreters. They stride into the building behind the guides, and take the seats to which they are motioned.

"The conference begins. The Japanese commander permits ter Poorten and other officers, to be named by ter Poorten, to keep their swords. Ter Poorten smiles faintly in thanks. Then he brings out a list of armaments and weapons in Java, and places it on the blue and white striped tablecloth. He explains the items in a tired voice. Our commander bends over the list, and glances up in amazement. 'The number of guns you have is very small,' he says; 'it does not amount to the artillery brought here by us. Whatever made you fight in the circumstances?' Ter Poorten smiles in his embarrassment: 'That's true. It is certainly true,' he says."

Batavia, the capital of Java, had been evacuated by the Dutch some days before. The story of its fall was told by the war correspondent of a Tokyo newspaper.

On the afternoon of Thursday, March 5, the Japanese arrived at a narrow river, some four miles to the north of the city, where they were met by a group of Dutch and Indonesians carrying white flags, who stated that they represented the Government in Batavia and were waiting to convey a message of surrender. Learning that Batavia had been declared an open city and that the Allied troops had been withdrawn, the Japanese commander gave the order to enter, and at 8.30 p.m. his troops marched in. Following a meeting with the Mayor and the provincial Governor, the Japanese commander issued a proclamation, in which he declared that he had taken over the duties of the Governor-General; that local laws would remain valid where they did not interfere with the military administration, and that the Japanese authorities would respect the lives, religion and rightful property of the people, who in turn must respect the orders of the Japanese Army and officials. Wilful violation of Japanese orders, communication with the "enemy," destruction of property, etc., would be severely dealt with. "The military administration," the proclamation concluded, "aims at the rapid restoration of peace and order and normal conditions in the Netherlands East Indies, on the principles of co-existence and co-prosperity for all."

On Saturday, March 7, the Netherlands News Agency in Bandoeng sent a last message to the outside world, reviewing the course of the fighting and not hesitating to point the moral.

Jap Supremacy in the Air

The situation in Java, at least in the west part of the island (it began), had become critical, as the result of a Japanese break-through of the defences of the north side of the volcano of Tangkuban Prahu—a success achieved the previous day in the face of desperate resistance by the Netherlands East Indies troops. The Dutch were not only far inferior in numbers, but they were continuously harassed by the Japanese Air Force, against which the Allies could no longer put up effective resistance. "The tragedy now unfolding itself in the previously peaceful valleys north of the Tangkuban Prahu crater—known to thousands of tourists for its beauty—is the more heart-rending for Dutch people when they recall that a great part of the Dutch Air Force was lost in the unavailing defence of Malaya." In the Netherlands East Indies, the message went on, there had been some criticism of the way in which the Allies had conducted the campaign in Malaya and Singapore, but now that Dutchmen were having to fight in the same circumstances judgement might be less severe. However, the conditions in Java were even more unfavourable than in Malaya, since the Japanese were probably in the proportion of at least five to one—to say nothing of their superiority in the air, where they had absolute mastery.

When Japan, on Dec. 8, declared war the Netherlands East Indies immediately threw into the struggle all their forces in the air and on the sea, "in an aggressive spirit, which has been much praised by public opinion in all the countries fighting against tyranny." This policy carried with it the risk of quick exhaustion of the Dutch forces, but the risk was taken in the expectation that reinforcements would soon arrive in the Far East. During January the Outer Provinces (i.e. the Dutch islands other than Java) were lost one by one, but it was still expected that in February reinforcements would arrive to enable Java to be held and later the initiative to be taken. But these reinforcements never came.

True, the Allied Fleet and Air Force in offensive actions scored great successes, and aeroplanes came in, particularly United States bombers, which proved a formidable weapon. But their value decreased since there was insufficient fighter protection and protection for the airfields, while the fighters available were not of the quality to meet the Japanese on equal terms.

By the end of February Java was practically surrounded. Then the enemy launched his attack. In a heroic attempt to prevent the enemy landings, the Allied fleets did the utmost they could do (see pp. 562, 595). Again they were faced with enemy superiority, and the kernel of the Dutch Fleet was lost. Following the battle, Surabaya could no longer be used as a base for cruisers and destroyers, and the necessary protection from heavy bombers could no longer be given. Heavy losses were inflicted on the enemy during the landings which began on Saturday, Feb. 28, but these successes were dearly paid for. After they had overcome Dutch resistance at sea and in the air, the Japanese had practically free play. Nothing could prevent them from landing just as many men and as much material as they wanted.

Without sufficient protection in the air the troops were practically powerless. So Batavia had to be abandoned, and the Dutch forces were concentrated on the plains around Bandoeng, since this was easier to defend than the flat country of the north coast. This was the position when the message ended.

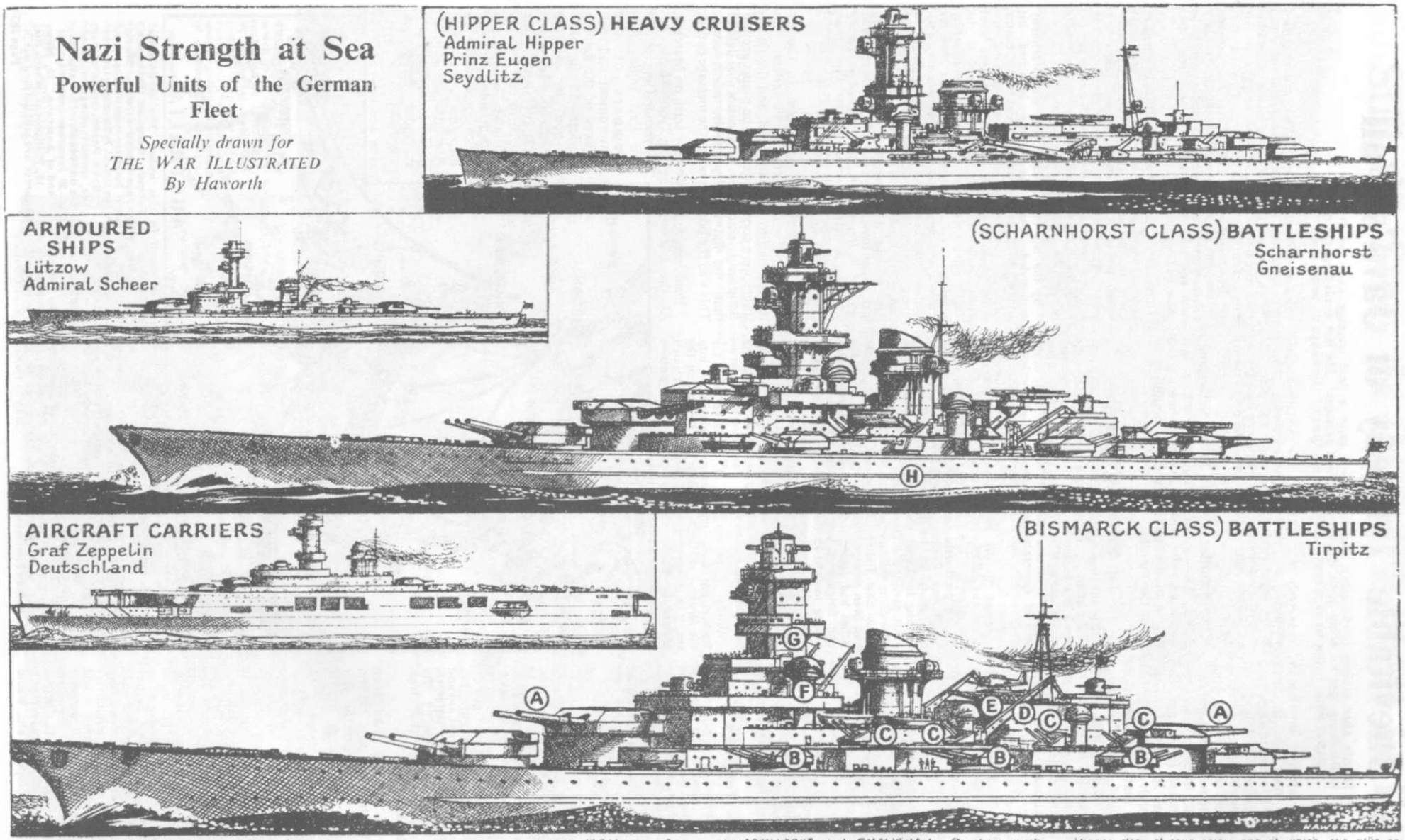
Bandoeng fell, as we have seen, on March 9. At the last moment Dr. van Mook, Lt. Governor-General of the East Indies, and members of the Government and high officers of the fighting services—15 in all—escaped by air to Australia. Their plane took off from "the last strip of runway available." Arrived in Adelaide, Dr. van Mook declared in an interview, "I hope Australia gets support in time. Java's lesson is more aeroplanes, more ships."

JAPAN'S LIGHTNING CAMPAIGN is illustrated in detail in this map. The arrowheads show: 1, Hongkong, captured on Dec. 25, after a short siege. 2, Burma; Rangoon the capital was evacuated by the British on March 8. 3, Malaya; on Dec. 8 the Japs landed at Kota Bharu. Singapore fell on Feb. 16. 4, Sumatra, attacked on Feb. 14. Southern Sumatra now in Japanese possession. 5, N. Borneo, invaded Dec. 17. 6, Sarawak, invaded at same time. 7, Tarakan, invaded Jan. 10. 8, Celebes, where first Jap landing was made on Jan. 12. 9, Balik Papan, scene of Jap landing on Jan. 23. 10, Macassar, where Japs landed on Feb. 10. 11, Java, three landings made on Feb. 28. Batavia fell on March 6. 12, Bali, where a Jap landing was made on Feb. 20. 13, Amboyna, large naval base, where Japs landed on Jan. 31. 14, Timor. On Feb. 20 Japanese troops landed in both Dutch and Portuguese Timor, only 450 miles from the mainland of Australia. 15, New Britain. Enemy landings made at Rabaul on Jan. 23 and Lae on Jan. 25. 16, Philippines, where the Japanese made their first landings on Dec. 10. American and Filipino forces are still holding out in the Bataan Peninsula. *Map by courtesy of News Chronicle*

Nazi Strength at Sea

Powerful Units of the German Fleet

Specially drawn for
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
By Haworth



GERMAN SEA POWER is a factor which still has to be reckoned with. Despite her losses in the early part of the war Germany still has many formidable vessels available for service. The drawings in this page are of the larger and more powerful of Germany's warships, which, as will be noticed, are all very similar in outward appearance.

TIRPITZ. Now that the Bismarck, her sister ship, has been sunk, interest centres on this warship, which was attacked by aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm off Norway on March 9. The Bismarck class of warship was supposed to have a standard displacement of 35,000 tons, but it is now thought that they may displace 40,000 tons. Two other ships of this class, unofficially reported to be named the Hindenburg and Friedrich der Grosse, are building.

The armament of the Tirpitz consists of eight 15-in. guns (A), twelve 5·9-in. (B) and sixteen 4·1-in. (C). Four aircraft are carried in the hangar (D), and there are two launching catapults. Note the large cranes (E) which lift the seaplanes. The peculiar mushroom-shaped armoured gunnery director towers (F) are a feature of all these ships; also the main director tower (G) from which they are controlled. The length is 792 feet and the geared turbines give a speed of 30 knots or more.

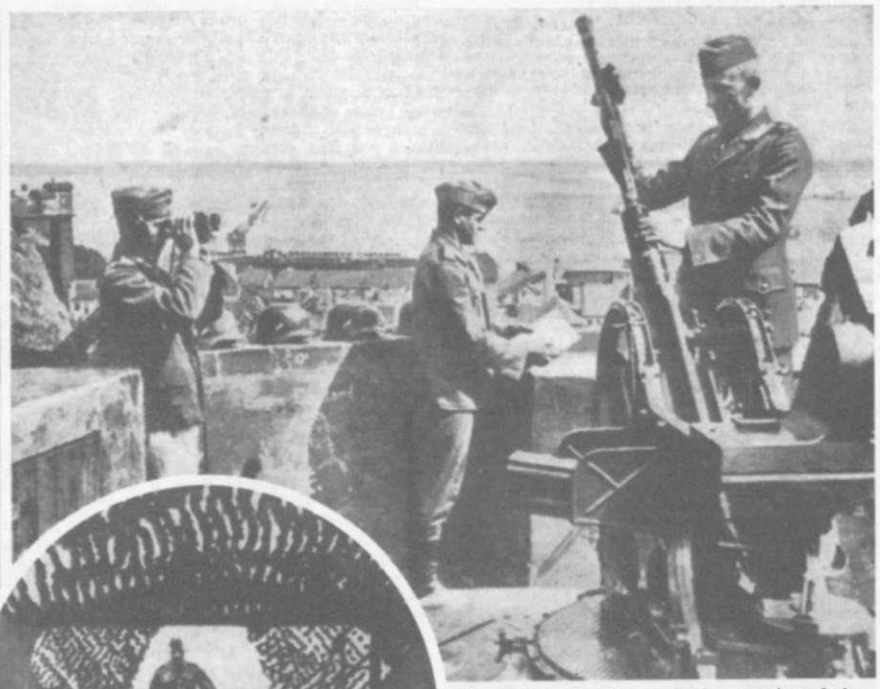
SCHARNHORST and ***GNEISENAU.*** Of these much bombed vessels the Gneisenau is in dry dock at Kiel. Air photographs show that she has received considerable damage. These two battleships, which were laid down in 1936, have a displacement of 26,000 tons and have a main armament of nine 11-in. guns in triple turrets. The armoured belt along the ships (H) is said to have a thickness of 12-13 ins. amidships. Four aircraft are carried. Their speed is believed to be over 29 knots.

PRINZ EUGEN. This vessel is believed to have been severely damaged by a torpedo from a British submarine outside Trondheim on Feb. 23. She is one of the Hipper class of four ships, one of which, the Blücher, was sunk in Oslo Fjord. The main armament of this class of heavy cruisers is eight 8-in. guns. They have twelve 21-in. torpedo tubes and carry four aircraft. The standard displacement is 10,000 tons.

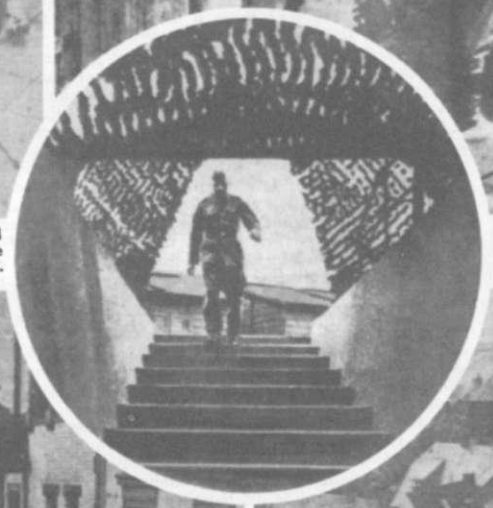
Inlets.—The Graf Zeppelin is an aircraft carrier of 19,250 tons, with a length of 820 feet. It mounts sixteen 5·9-in. guns as well as a great number of A.A. guns and is said to have accommodation for 40 aircraft. Its speed is 32 knots. The Lützow and her sister ship the Admiral Scheer have a displacement of 10,000 tons, mount six 11-in. guns and eight 5.9-in., and have eight 21-in. torpedo tubes.

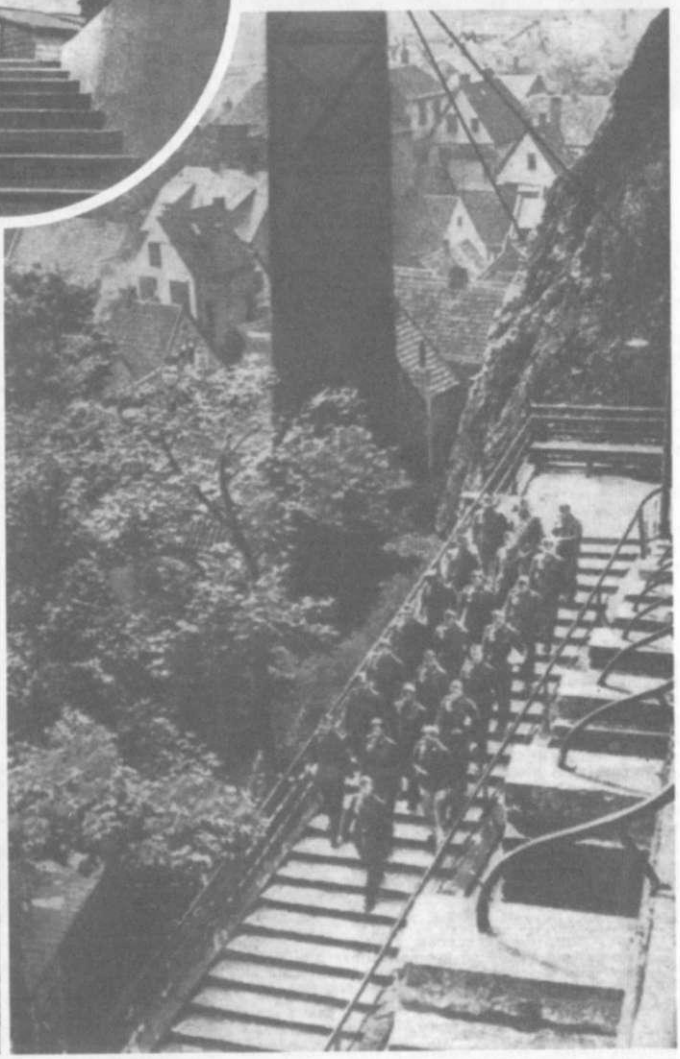
Inside the Nazi Fortress of Heligoland

Looking west, elderly German sailors on guard in Heligoland, the strongly fortified Nazi base in the North Sea, not far from the Kiel Canal.



'Against England,' such is the meaning of the inscription on the crude caricature of Mr. Churchill in a Heligoland gun emplacement.





HIGH STREET, HELIGOLAND on a quiet day. Right, entrance to the underground fortifications. Circle, German soldier entering the secret, camouflaged fortress. Though bristling with every kind of defence, Heligoland has frequently been visited by the R.A.F., and many valuable photographs, one of which appeared in Vol. II, page 47, of The War Illustrated, showing the positions of the new harbour and mole, gun emplacements and entrances to the underground barracks, have been taken. *Photos, Keystone*

Our Searchlight on the War

EMPIRE AND DEMOCRACY

The loss of Britain's Far Eastern possessions and the threat to India have raised the question of our future imperial policy and responsibility. It has even been asked whether the idea of empire is compatible with true democracy.

BRITISH dominion over a large part of the globe was the result of no preconceived plan. Unlike Germany, we were never obsessed with that inferiority complex which found expression in the word *Weltmacht*. One fact is paramount above all criticism. If we are not loved as rulers we are not universally loathed as the Germans are. In the nature of things no empire can hope to be popular with the governed, for the simple reason that no race likes to be controlled or influenced by another. Britain has admittedly made mistakes, but surely far fewer than might have been expected, considering the difficulties of holding a balance between innumerable castes, creeds and prejudices of the races that make up our imperial population. It is something that we have, on the whole, kept order in India, and much that we have brought many benefits of civilization to the Indian peoples. Looking back on our long administration we are

Irreplaceable relics of English history have been removed from Westminster Hall to a safer place. Workmen are dismounting the statue of William Rufus. *Photo, Planet News*

entitled to ask, and not apologetically, whether the Empire would have been better off under any other system, or if such a system would have worked at all. It is to our credit that we have gradually modified the old idea of imperial domination, and prepared the way for a genuine co-partnership with India. The British people devoutly hope that India, with the help of the Allied nations, will weather the storm that threatens to destroy the whole idea of racial freedom, dignity and progress. In the face of this peril Britain and India must be linked as never before.

HOW TO GROW MORE FOOD

During the spring and summer months every acre of available land should be brought under cultivation, and a seven-day week should become obligatory on all agricultural workers.

THE whole burden of the Allied war effort depends on ships. We can do nothing without them. While waiting for American and British shipyards to increase our tonnage to a point commensurate with the enormous demands of the war how can we best economise our prevailing shipping space? By decreasing our food imports we would have more space for the transport of soldiers and munitions. We have by no means reached the limit in Britain's food production, and this will not happen until every available square yard of our soil is under cultivation. Everybody must know of some field, derelict land or parkland which is not "doing its bit" for victory. It is also a question of time as well as space. Much more food could be produced if the whole agricultural industry were geared to a seven-day week. Saturday afternoons and Sundays should be regarded as normal working hours. Once the principle of week-end work is accepted, arrangements could be made for workers to have a half-day's holiday in rotation. Payment for Sunday work should be at the same rate as the normal weekday hours. At this supreme crisis in our fate the industrial worker, in this respect, should not be in a privileged position as compared with the fighting services. The general application of a seven-day week would enormously increase the working hours over the period of the coming year.

WATCH MADAGASCAR!

In the past year more than 400 French vessels sailed from Mediterranean ports to Madagascar. If this island falls into Axis hands it will be one of the greatest strategic disasters of the war.

HAS Britain learned the real lesson of Japanese aggression? Are we sufficiently aware that the Japanese onslaught in the southern Pacific is not a local war, but a deep-laid plan, with Hitler, to gain command of the oceans? The fatal weakness of Germany, in her mania for world-power, has always been lack of sea-power. She lost the 1914-18 war because of this. Until Japan struck so successfully against the Allies in the Far East, we could confidently count upon our naval arm as a decisive weapon in ultimate victory. Hitler's main problem has been and still is to cut our sea communications. Without Japan's aid he could not hope to do this, but with his Axis partner "mopping up" ocean bases everywhere Nazi strategy is simplified. The Japanese territorial conquests are immense, but could the Axis gain control of the seas they might realize the dream of dividing the world between them. The American West Pacific bases, with Singapore, Java and Rangoon, have gone. We must make sure that Ceylon and Madagascar do not fall into enemy hands. If the Japs could control Madagascar and its 135 airfields the Allies' lifeline with the Mediterranean and South Russia would be in the gravest jeopardy.

IF INVASION COMES

The new Defence Regulations provide for the conscripting of the services of civilians in threatened areas.

THE Home Guard and A.R.P. services know what to do in the case of invasion, but what about the rest of the public? The original instructions told them to "stay put." Under the new Defence Regulations they can be conscripted, and quite rightly. But the machinery for doing this would appear to be too cumbersome for the rapid mobilization necessary in such an emergency. First, the competent military authority must contact the Regional Commissioner. He, in turn, contacts the Ministry of Labour, and eventually the local National Service Officer collects and assembles and instructs the workers required. They must be employed only on non-combatant duties, and will be paid at stipulated rates. It might well be asked whether there will be time under the stress of H.E. and probably gas bombs, tanks, machine-guns, flame-throwers for such leisurely bureaucratic niceties. Will the conscripted have to fill up forms and render an account for overtime? We should all be trained now either as fighters or workers or both, so that we know what to do immediately the detestable foe sets foot upon our sacred shores.

Flg. Off. KENNETH CAMPBELL, R.A.F.V.R., awarded the V.C. for most conspicuous bravery. Pilot of a Beaufort aircraft, he made a daring torpedo attack on an enemy battle cruiser in Brest harbour at dawn on April 6, 1941. Despite the formidable defences, he skimmed over the Mole and launched his torpedo at point-blank range. The aircraft did not return.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

KILLING RUSSIA WITH WORDS

The Bolsheviks who could not defeat the German troops and their allies in one winter, will be annihilatingly defeated by us in the coming summer. —*Hitler, on March 15, 1942*

THE British nation has been accused of foolish optimism, and in some respects there has been much wishful thinking and complacency. There is nothing complacent about Mr. Churchill's speeches. He has not hesitated to warn us of the magnitude of our task, nor offered false hopes of easy victory. The supreme and most fatuous optimist in the world is Adolf Hitler, and his super-confidence is not the least of his many serious blunders. He led the German people to think that the war would be over almost before it had begun. They expected it to end with the Polish campaign. Then, 1940 was to be victory year. Something went wrong again. Well, certainly 1941. Having annihilated the Soviet armies in the autumn of 1941, the end was near. But the Russian soldiers mysteriously came to life again and hit back. Moscow, Leningrad, and the Caucasus which, according to Hitler, should be part of the German Reich now, are still in possession of the so-called Bolsheviks. The German armies are being battered, broken and destroyed, though Hitler is gaining many great "defensive victories." When Stalin's soldiers reach the German frontier will the Fuehrer, still regarded by some people as a marvel of genius, talk about defensive victories? Maybe, by then the hysteria of victory will have changed to hysteria of defeat, for the German mind swings between two extremes.

Admiral HAROLD STARK, who is assuming a new post as Commander of the United States Naval Forces operating in European waters. *Photo, Topical Press*

Australia 'Stripped for War' and 'Fighting Mad'

AUSTRALIAN MANHOOD is well exemplified in these sturdy fellows. Engaged on road-making in the vicinity of Darwin they are "diggers" in both senses of the word, and are verily "stripped for war."

This poster of a snarling Jap, setting foot on Australian soil, grimly reminds the people of the Commonwealth that their most solemn hour is upon them.

IN a broadcast message to America on March 13, Mr. Curtin, Prime Minister of Australia, urged the necessity for the closest cooperation between his country and the United States. Then, in resolute terms, he restated the Commonwealth's determination to wage war to the uttermost.

Britain has fought and won in the air the tremendous battle of Britain. Britain has fought and with your help has won the equally vital battle of the Atlantic. She has a paramount obligation to supply all possible help to Russia. She cannot at the same time go all out in the Pacific. We are her sons and on us the responsibility falls.

We are as firmly determined to hold and hit back at the enemy as courageously as those people from whose loins we spring, those people who withstood the disaster of Dunkirk, the fury of Goering's blitz, the shattering blows of the battle of the Atlantic. We are fighting mad. Our people have a Government that is governing with orders and not with weak-kneed suggestions. We Australians are a people who, while somewhat inexperienced and uncertain as to what war on their soil may mean, are nevertheless ready for anything, and will trade punches, giving odds if needs be, until we rock the enemy back on his heels.

Out of every 10 men in Australia, four are now wholly engaged in war, as members of the fighting forces or making the munitions and equipment to fight with. The other six, besides feeding and clothing the whole 10 and their families, have to produce the food and wool and metals which Britain needs for her very existence. We are not, of course, stopping at four out of 10. We had over three when Japan challenged our life and liberty; the proportion is growing every day. We are mobilizing womanpower to the utmost. From four out of 10 devoted to war, we shall pass to five and six. We have no limits.

We have no qualms here. There is no fifth column in this country. We are all the one race, the English-speaking race. We will not yield easily a yard of our soil. We have great space here, and tree by tree, village by village, and town by town we will fall back if we must . . .

MR. J. CURTIN, Australian Prime Minister, speaking at Melbourne. On the left is Mr. N. J. O. Makin, Navy Minister.

Photos, Sport & General

(Continued)

FOR remember, we are the Anzac breed. Our men stormed Gallipoli. They swept through the Libyan Desert. They were the men of Tobruk. They were the men who fought under bitter, sarcastic, pugnacious Gordon Bennett in Malaya and were still fighting when the surrender of Singapore came. These men gave of their best in Greece and Crete. They will give more than their best on their own soil, where their hearths and homes lie under enemy threat.

Our Air Force are in the Kingsford Smith tradition. Our naval forces silently do their share on the Seven Seas. Our fighting forces are born attackers. We will hit the enemy wherever we can, as often as we can, and the extent of it will be measured only by the weapons to our hands.

Australia is a nation stripped for war. Our minds are set on attack rather than defence. We believe, in fact, that attack is the best defence. Here in the Pacific it is the only defence we know. It means risks, but safety first is the devil's catchword today. Business interests in Australia are submitting with a good grace to iron control and drastic elimination of profits. Our great labour unions are accepting the suspension of rights and privileges which have been sacred for two generations, and are submitting to an equally iron control of the activities of their members. It is now work or fight for every one in Australia.

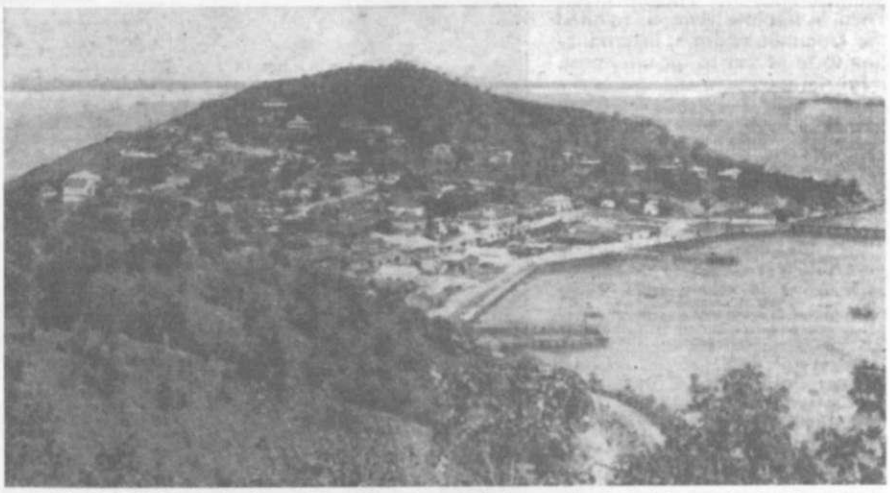
This war may seem the end of much that we have painfully and slowly built in our 150 years of existence, but even though all of it go, there will still be Australians fighting on Australian soil until the turning-point be reached, and we will advance over blackened ruins through blasted and fireswept cities, across scorched plains, until we drive the enemy into the sea.

Once Again New Guinea Has Scenes of Savagery

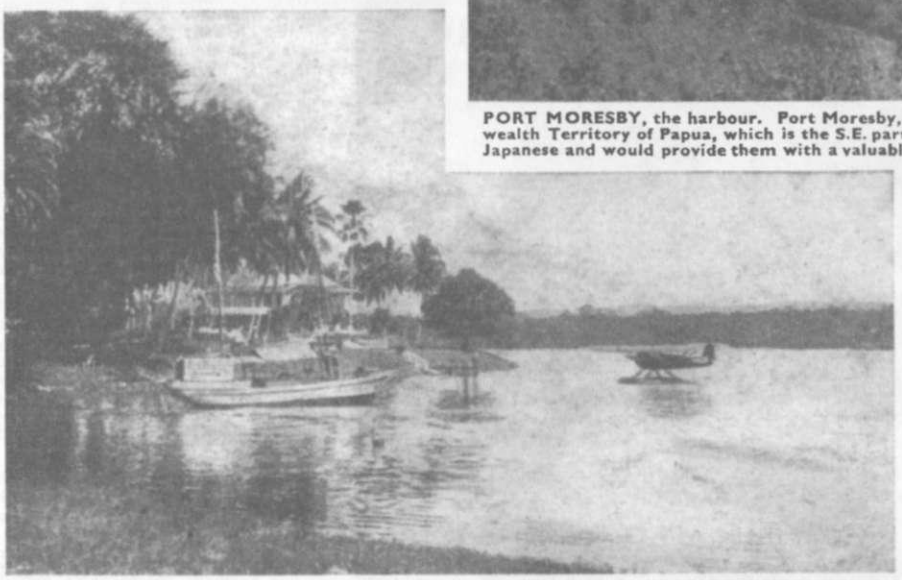
SALAMAUA, the airfield of which was seized by the Japanese about March 8, became the seat of administration of the mandated territory of New Guinea in 1938 after the former capital, Rabaul, had been destroyed by volcanic eruption in June 1937. Right, a general view of the new capital.

The main street of Salamaua. Tropical fruits, especially coconuts, grow abundantly, and coffee, cocoa and kapok are also grown.

IT was on Jan. 20 that the first heavy Japanese air attack was made on Rabaul, seaport and chief town of New Britain, largest island of the Bismarck Archipelago in the mandated territory of New Guinea. Two days later a Japanese invasion armada was sighted off the island and landings were effected shortly afterwards. Following this, Japanese landings were made on the neighbouring island of New Guinea and airfields were seized at Lae and Salamaua. The danger to Australia was grave, since New Guinea is separated from Queensland only by the 90-mile-wide Torres Strait. But bombers of the R.A.A.F. and the United States have made daily and continuous attacks upon the Japanese bases, blasting the airfields they occupy and inflicting much damage upon their convoys in the Huon Gulf, betwen New Guinea and New Britain. Australian troops and militia in the Huon Gulf country of N.E. New Guinea waged a steady guerilla warfare against the invaders, retiring into the hills to swoop down upon the Japanese by night. The Japanese occupied Lae and Salamaua about March 8. No infantry infiltration had been made towards Port Moresby a week later.



PORT MORESBY, the harbour. Port Moresby, which lies on the Gulf of Papua, in the Commonwealth Territory of Papua, which is the S.E. part of New Guinea, has been heavily bombed by the Japanese and would provide them with a valuable base for any contemplated invasion of Australia.



MADANG, seaport of New Guinea, on Astrolabe Bay, was the commercial capital of the former German protectorate, Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. It was then known as Friedrich-Wilhelmshafen. On the right, a native Papuan from the Upper Purari river in his war dress.

Photos, Sport & General, E.N.A., Paul Popper

Outstanding Personalities of the Indian Scene

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS and Mr. M. A. JINNAH, President of the Moslem League, in conversation during Sir Stafford's visit to India in 1939.

Marquess of LINLITHGOW, Viceroy and Governor-General of India since 1936. He is the 33rd to hold an office first filled by Warren Hastings in 1774.

Mr. Jawaharlal NEHRU is leader of the Congress Party, the most powerful organization of the Indian Nationalists.

Gen. Sir A. WAVELL, G.C.B., who was re-appointed C.-in-C. of the army in India in March 1942. He held the position from July 1941 to last January, when he took up the A.B.D.A. Command.

Pandit M. M. MALAVIYA is the 80-year-old leader of the Mahasabha, the anti-Congress party of Orthodox Hindus.

Mrs. Vijayalakshmi PANDIT, elder sister of Mr. Nehru, was the first Congress woman minister.

Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa SASTRI, a Liberal leader and former Indian High Commissioner to S. Africa.

Sir Tej Bahadur SAPRU is perhaps the most famous Indian Liberal. He is an Allahabad lawyer.

Mrs. Sarojini NAIDU, poet and orator, ardent opponent of purdah and child marriage.

Moulana Abul Kalam AZAD (left), the 50-year-old Moslem theologian and philosopher who is the present president of Congress, although this is a predominantly Hindu party. Dr. R. B. AMBEDKAR is the champion of the Untouchables in their revolt against the Indian caste system. Sardar Vallabhbhai PATEL is a Congress leader in Bombay, Madras, Sind and the Central Provinces. Subhas Chandra BOSE (right) is India's most extreme left-wing politician. He has been president of Congress, but for some time past he has found a haven of refuge in Berlin under Nazi patronage.

Photos, Sport & General, Bassano, Fox, Wide World, Associated Press, Topical Press, Planet News, Lafayette

They Speak for the Indians in a Fateful Hour

In the House of Commons on March 11 Mr. Churchill announced that Sir Stafford Cripps was about to go to India, "to satisfy himself upon the spot by personal consultation that the conclusions upon which we are agreed, and which we believe represent a just and final solution [of the Indian question], will achieve their purpose." Some of the persons whom the Lord Privy Seal may be expected to meet are the subject of this article.

At 4.30 this morning India's most famous personality rose from his bed, said his prayers (devout Hindu that he is), and went for a brisk walk through the dusty and fly-blown little village where he has his home. Arrived back in his cottage—it has been called a hovel—he drank a mug of goat's milk and made a meal of fruit and a handful of dates. Then he sat down at his spinning-wheel, where he does what he would have every Indian peasant do—makes his own *khaddar* (home-spun cloth), or, cross-legged on the mud floor, listened to what a visitor had to say, and in return spoke off his own gospel of India for the Indians—an India from which not only British rule but slums and pestiferous villages have been banished, and the man of high caste goes into the temple side by side with the man of low caste, even the untouchable.

Mr. Gandhi is in his early seventies. He was born in 1869 of a well-to-do family, and at 19 went to England, where he was a student at University College and was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple. Then in 1893 he went to South Africa, where he won fame not only as a lawyer but as a champion of the rights of the Indian settlers. During the Boer War he organized and led a Red Cross unit in the field. Then in 1914 he returned to India, and soon won by common consent the leadership of the Nationalist movement. He it was who, rejecting any thought of an armed revolt, instituted the campaign of non-violent disobedience (*satyagraha*) to the laws imposed by British rule, and in 1922, and again in 1930 and 1933, he was sentenced to imprisonment for his anti-Government activities. In 1924 he was President of the Indian National Congress, and throughout the twenties he was at the height of his power. More than once he has expressed a will to retire from politics and has withdrawn into what he hoped would be obscurity, only to be drawn back into the political vortex. At present he holds no official position in the Nationalist movement, but still he is the apostle of passive resistance to the British Raj. Yet although he hates British Imperialism he has no hate for the British themselves. Deeply religious—not for nothing has he been given the title of Mahatma (Great Soul)—he is yet completely opposed to caste, that basic principle of Hinduism. By all save a handful of India's 400 millions—by Moslems as well as by Hindus, by the men of high caste and of none, and no less by the British community—he is held in the highest reverence. Not since Buddha died, it has been said, has an Indian been so loved.

Nehru's Vision of a New India

If Mr. Gandhi is the most famous of present-day Indians, it may be claimed that the most powerful personality is Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru: certainly he is the most interesting, since in him East and West are fascinatingly intermingled. He comes of an old and very wealthy family of one of the highest castes, the Kashmiri Brahmins, so that the blood which runs in his veins is some of India's bluest. From childhood he had an English tutor, and in 1905, when he was 16—he was born in 1889, the same year as Hitler—he was sent to England and followed the road which leads through Harrow to Trinity College, Cambridge, and the English Bar. He learnt to appreciate England, and in particular English literature; it has been said that hardly a dozen men alive write English as well as he. Returning to India in 1912 he flung himself with all the ardent enthusiasm of youth into the Nationalist movement, and soon came to be regarded as an extremist; altogether he has spent seven years in gaol because of his part in the civil disobedience campaign.

But Nehru is more than a Nationalist; this leader of the peoples who are literally saturated with religion is an agnostic, while in political matters he is a socialist—and there are not many socialists in India. "I see no way of ending the poverty, the vast

MR. GANDHI has been for many years the uncrowned king of India's many millions. Above we see him on a visit to Simla in 1939.
Photo, Fox

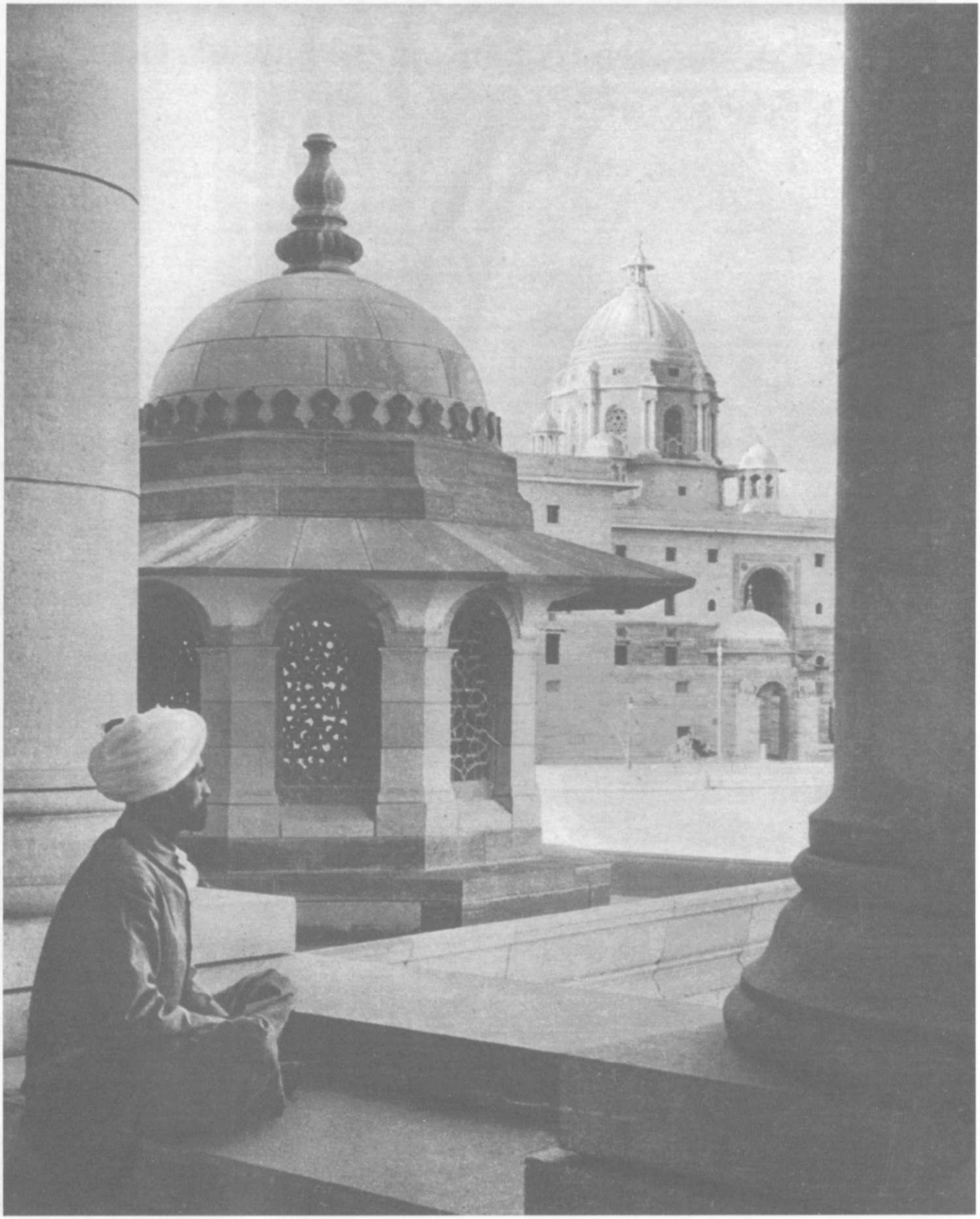
unemployment, the degradation and the subjection of the Indian people, except through Socialism," he has written in his autobiography. He advocates disarmament, but he is no pacifist; like Mr. H. G. Wells he believes that national armies should be abolished, and that an international air force should police the world. There is no Indian more anti-Nazi, more anti-Fascist, more anti-totalitarian than Nehru, yet by an unhappy paradox he ranks amongst Britain's most bitter opponents. In this war all his sympathies are with Britain and her allies, yet only recently was he released from the prison to which he had been sentenced for urging Indians to take no part in the war effort. The goal of India, he has said, is a "united, free, democratic country, closely associated in a world federation with other free nations. We want independence, but not the old type of narrow, exclusive independence. We believe that the day of separate warring national states is over."

More than any man in India, Nehru represents Congress, the largest of the Indian political parties and ever since its foundation in 1885 by a retired Anglo-Indian Civil Servant, the main instrument and expression of Indian Nationalism. Its membership runs into three or four millions, less than 1 per cent of the total population, although (such is the poverty of the Indian masses) quite a considerable proportion of these are not able to afford the annual subscription of 4 annas (say 5d.). At the base of the Congress structure are the individual members in the towns and villages; these choose delegates to Congress committees in the provincial capitals, which in turn choose the All-India Congress Committee. This committee appoints the President—Nehru has held the position four times, a quite exceptional honour—who with 14 associates forms the Congress Working Committee. The present President of Congress is M. Abul Azad. He is a Moslem, which is a reminder of the fact that though the great majority of Congress members are Hindus, its membership also includes many Moslems. Other outstanding Congress personalities include Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, a leading right winger; Babu Rajendra Prasad, a past President; Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, a leader of the Moslem element; Bhulabhai J. Desai; Chakravarti Rajagopalacharia, former Premier of Madras; and the poetess-social reformer, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu.

Spokesmen of the Moslems

Next in size and importance to Congress is the Moslem League, which is as strong in its demand for Indian independence as Congress, yet declares its strongest opposition to any scheme for an All-India parliament, since this (it maintains) would involve the domination of the Moslems by the Hindu majority; hence it advocates the establishment of a Moslem-controlled state, comprising the provinces of Sind, the Punjab, and the North-West Frontier, with the Indian state of Kashmir and possibly Afghanistan. This demand for Pakistan, as it is called, is most closely associated with the name of Mr. Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the League's President. But of India's 90 million Moslems, less than one per cent are members of the Moslem League; and the Premiers of Sind, Bengal and Punjab (Mr. Allah Bakhsh, Mr. Fazlul Huq, and Sir Sikander Hyat Khan) have declared themselves opposed to Pakistan, although in each of these provinces there is a Moslem government.

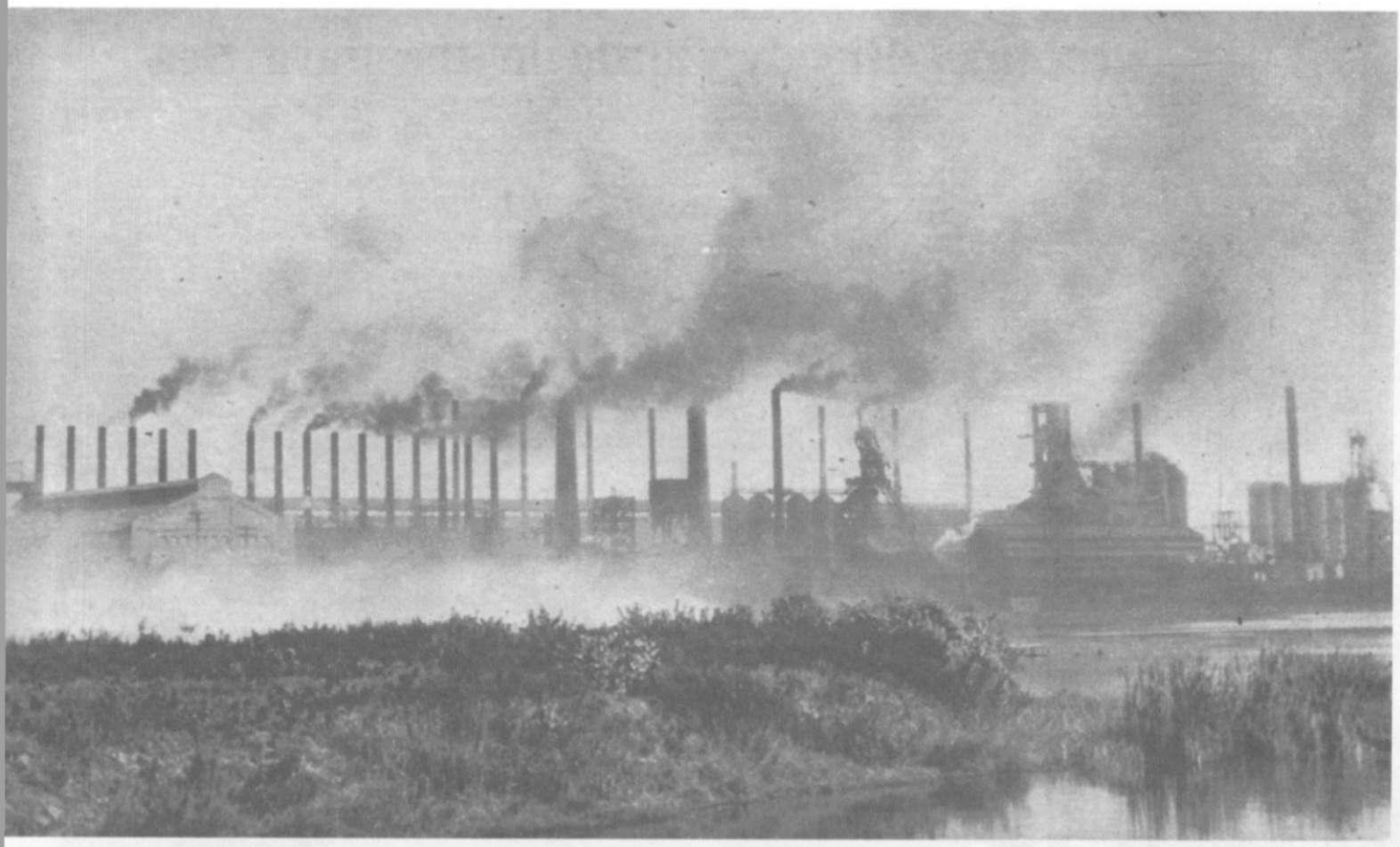
Although Congress and the Moslem League are by far the most powerful of India's political parties, there are several others. The Mahasabha is the orthodox Hindu party; it is much more conservative than Congress and strongly opposed to it, chiefly because Congress leaders are apt to be somewhat lax in the matter of caste distinctions. Its most prominent figure is Pandit Malaviya, who has been twice President of Congress and is famous as a scholar. Then there is the National Liberal Federation, among whose most prominent members are Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Mr. M. J. Jayaker, and Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri. As a rule, the Liberals are prepared to work in close cooperation with the British and favour Dominion Status as the immediate goal rather than complete independence. There is also an Indian Socialist group which strives to influence Congress in a socialistic direction from within. Finally, there are the Untouchables, although these are a class rather than a party. Their spokesman is the prominent lawyer, Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, who, the son of a poor "Untouchable," has waged relentless war on caste. E. R. P

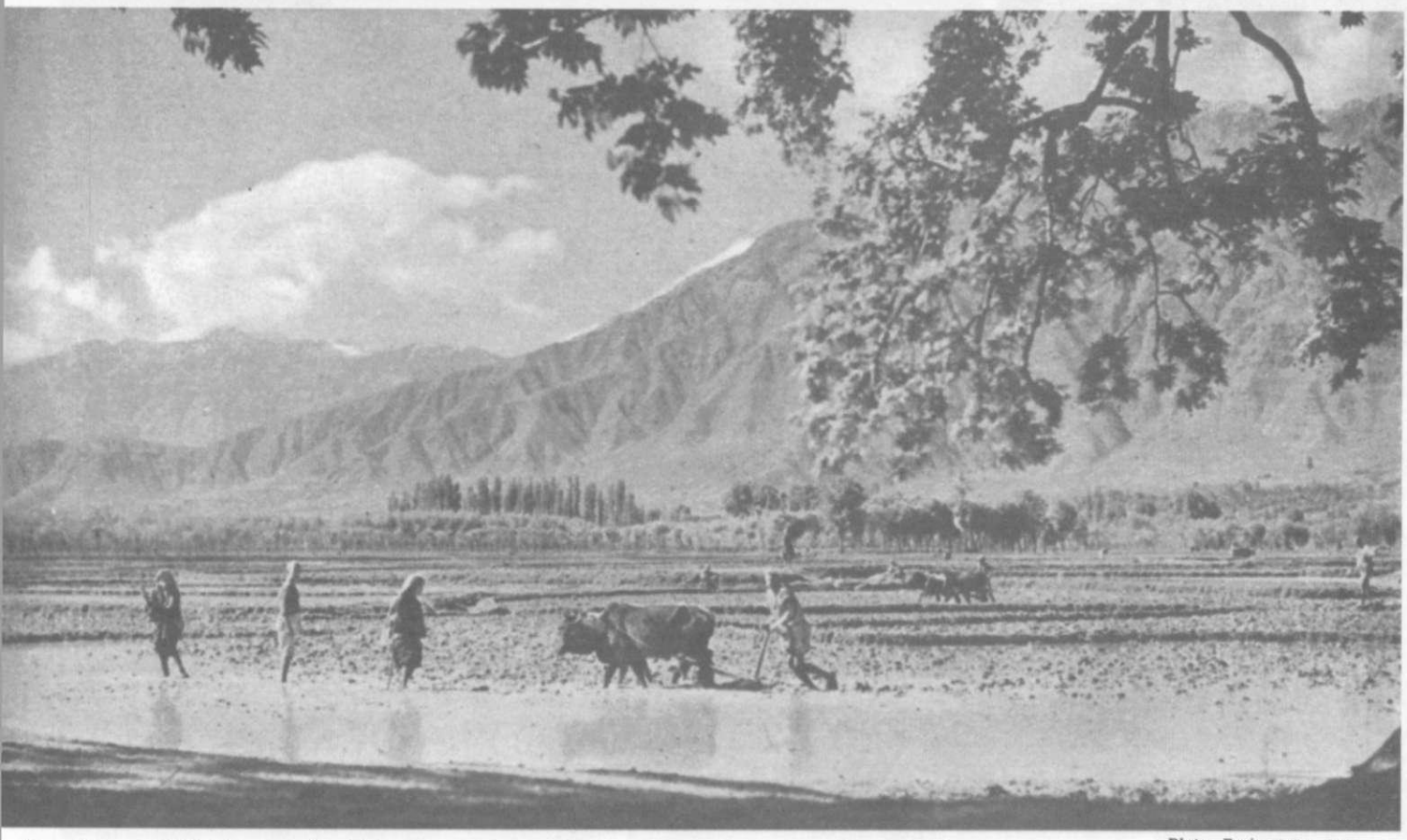


Photo, W. Bosshard

India Dreams of—Dominion

Since 1911, Delhi, the old Mogul capital of India, has again become the Imperial capital of India, and outside the old city, in what is known as New Delhi, stand the legislative buildings seen above, in architectural style a blending of East and West, expressive of a cooperation between Briton and Indian which should be the keynote of Indian administration.





India—Old and New

Photos, Dorien Leigh, Fox

The smoking chimneys of the Tatanagar iron and steel works at Jamshedpur, Calcutta, largest industrial plant in India, which symbolize India's great arms-production effort, are in striking contrast to the peaceful, age-old scene of an Indian ricefield. But while India's potential economic resources are enormous, they are still largely undeveloped.

Fierce and Bloody Battle in the Java Sea

The Battle of the Java Sea was a heavy defeat for the United Nations, since all but one of the thirteen warships of the Allied squadron that went into action against the Japanese were sent to the bottom. Here is the story, reminiscent in its grimness of Jutland 26 years ago, as told in an Admiralty communiqué issued on March 14.

ALTHOUGH full information is not yet available, it is now possible to give some account, so far as particulars are at present to hand, of the events in the Java Sea on Feb. 27 and subsequent days, during the Japanese invasion of Java.

On the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 27, an Allied force, consisting of H.M.A.S. Perth (Captain H. M. L. Waller, D.S.O., R.A.N.), H.M.S. Exeter (Captain O. L. Gordon, M.V.O., R.N.), the United States cruiser Houston, and the Dutch cruisers De Ruyter and Java, was at sea north of Surabaya. The Allied cruisers were accompanied by the destroyers H.M.S. Electra (Commander C. W. May, R.N.), H.M.S. Jupiter (Lt.-Com. J. V. J. T. Thew, R.N.), and H.M.S. Encounter (Lt.-Com. E. V. St. J. Morgan, R.N.), and the Dutch destroyer Kortenaer. This force was under the sea command of Admiral Doorman, whose flag was flying in the De Ruyter. The whole naval force in the area was under the strategical control of Admiral Helfrich, of the Royal Netherlands Navy.

At 4.14 p.m. on Feb. 27 this Allied force made contact with a Japanese force about half-way between Bawean Island and Surabaya. The Japanese force consisted of at least two Nati class cruisers of 10,000 tons armed with ten 8-in. guns, and a number of other cruisers. The Japanese cruisers had with them thirteen destroyers organized in two flotillas.

Action was joined at extreme range. Almost at once one of the Japanese destroyer flotillas launched an attack, but this was driven off by the fire of the Allied cruisers, and one of the enemy destroyers was seen to be hit by shells from H.M.A.S. Perth. Soon afterwards the other Japanese destroyer flotilla delivered a torpedo attack. While action was being taken to avoid these torpedoes, H.M.S. Exeter was hit by an 8-inch shell in a boiler-room. This reduced her speed and forced her to drop out of the line. Only one of the torpedoes launched in this attack took effect. This hit the Dutch destroyer Kortenaer, and she sank.

The three British destroyers were ordered to counter-attack the Japanese destroyers, who were retiring under cover of a smoke-screen. Very little information is available about the result of this counter-attack. H.M.S. Jupiter reported seeing only two enemy destroyers, both of which she engaged with gunfire. H.M.S. Electra was not seen after she had disappeared into the smoke screen, and it is presumed that she was sunk.

As soon as the Allied cruisers, except H.M.S. Exeter, who was unable to keep up, drew clear of the smoke, they again engaged the enemy, this time at shorter range. Less than half-an-hour later the enemy cruisers turned away under cover of a smoke screen. It was seen that one of the enemy heavy 8-in. gun cruisers had been hit aft, and was burning fiercely. Admiral Doorman led his force round, and chased the enemy to the north-eastward, but he failed to regain touch with them in the fading light.

THE JAPS HAD 105 WARSHIPS

FROM the outset we sought the offensive and struck the aggressor blow upon blow during the period in which the Outer Provinces, where less strong defences were disposed, were lost one after the other as had been foreseen.

Java, the barrier, remained. It remained until Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27 and 28, 1942, when Helfrich, then in command of the joint naval forces, was forced to battle with a Japanese armada convoying 60 troop carriers on their way to the north coast of Java. At that moment the Japanese had 14 cruisers, 55 destroyers, 25 submarines, 5 aircraft-carriers and 6 seacraft-carriers, i.e. more than 100 warships, in our East Indian waters.

The battle against the Japanese fleet had success, but the attempt against the troop-carriers, which were shielded by a front of submarines, failed. A large part of the Allied fleet, the strength of which was less than one-third of the enemy's naval forces, was lost.

Dr. P. S. Gerbrandy, Netherlands Prime Minister, in a broadcast to the Dutch people, March 11, 1942.

After nightfall the Allied cruisers sighted four enemy ships to the westward, and engaged them, with what results is not known. Admiral Doorman attempted to work round these enemy ships in order to locate the convoy, which was expected to be to the northward. This was found to be impracticable owing to the high speed of the enemy, and Admiral Doorman then turned his force to the southward to close the coast of Java, intending to sweep to the westward along the coast in an attempt to intercept the Japanese invasion convoys.

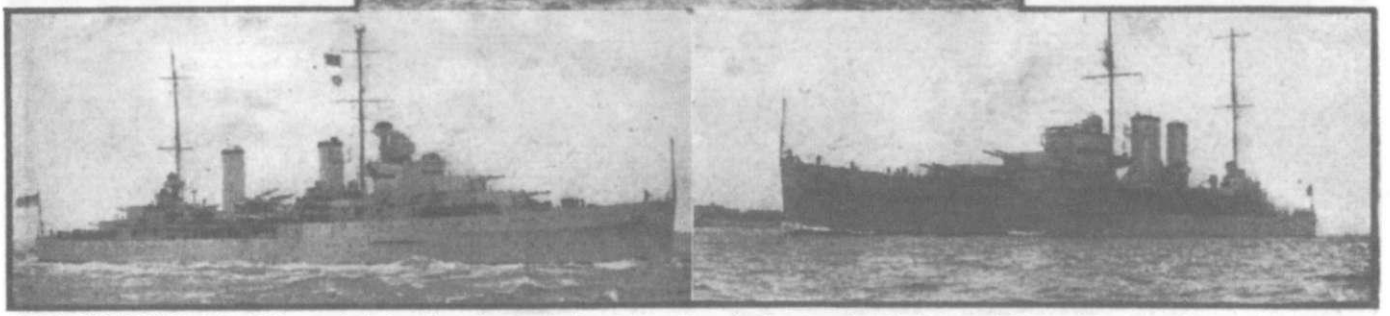
Half-an-hour after the Allied force had turned to the westward along the coast of Java H.M.S. Jupiter was disabled by an under-water explosion. She sank four hours later. H.M.S. Jupiter was not far from the mainland of Java, and a number of survivors have already reached Australia.

At 11.30 p.m., when the Allied cruisers were about twelve miles north of Rembang, two enemy cruisers were sighted between our ships and the coast. They were at once engaged, and a number of hits were secured on the enemy. The De Ruyter was hit by one shell. Immediately afterwards the De Ruyter made a large alteration of course, presumably to avoid torpedoes fired by the enemy. The other Allied cruisers were conforming when underwater explosions occurred simultaneously in the De Ruyter and Java. Both these Dutch cruisers blew up and sank at once.

It is impossible to assess with accuracy the damage inflicted upon the enemy during the actions on Feb. 27. Observers in H.M.A.S. Perth considered that one Japanese 8-in. gun cruiser had been sunk, a second 8-in. gun cruiser damaged, and a destroyer sunk. It has also been reported that a cruiser of the Mogami class (8,500 tons, fifteen 6·1-in. guns) was set on fire, and three destroyers seriously damaged and left on fire or sinking. H.M.A.S. Perth, who had received some damage, reached Tanjong Priok at seven o'clock in the morning of Saturday, Feb. 28. With the enemy in command of the sea and air north of Java in overwhelming force, the Allied Command was faced with the problem of extricating the remaining Allied ships from a very dangerous situation. The way to Australia was barred by the 600 miles long island of Java, with the straits at either end of it under enemy control.

After dark on Feb. 28 H.M.A.S. Perth left Tanjong Priok with the intention of passing through the Sunda Strait during the dark hours. During the night a report was received from H.M.A.S. Perth which indicated that she had come into contact with a force of Japanese ships off St. Nicholas Point at about 1 p.m. Nothing, however, has been heard of H.M.A.S. Perth or the U.S. cruiser Houston since that time.

The same night H.M.S. Exeter, who was unable to exceed half speed, left Surabaya accompanied by H.M.S. Encounter and the U.S. destroyer Pope. At forenoon on Sunday, March 1, H.M.S. Exeter reported that she had sighted three enemy cruisers steering towards her. No further signals were received from H.M.S. Exeter, H.M.S. Encounter, or the U.S. destroyer Pope. The Dutch destroyer Evertsen encountered two Japanese cruisers in the Sunda Strait. She was damaged and was beached. The destroyer H.M.A.S. Stronghold (Lt.-Com. G. R. Pretor-Pinney, R.N.) and the sloop H.M.S. Yarra (Lt.-Com. R. W. Rankin, R.A.N.), are also missing and must be considered lost. It has not been possible to form any estimate of the damage inflicted on the enemy by these ships during their last actions.



LOST WARSHIPS of the Allies, sunk during the action in the Java Seas. Top, the Dutch cruiser De Ruyter, 6,450 tons, flagship of Admiral Doorman. Left, H.M.A.S. Perth, 6,980 tons. Right, H.M.S. Exeter, 8,390 tons. Admiral Sir W. James, C.-in-Chief, Portsmouth, described the battles in the Java Sea as "among the fiercest and bloodiest battles ever known .... the Dutch, British and American sailors fought to the last gun against impossible odds."

Photos, Wright & Logan, Sport & General

Our Diary of the War

TUESDAY, MAR. 10, 1942 *920th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombers raided targets in the Ruhr at night.

Russian Front.—More localities on the Leningrad front captured by the Red Army.

Mediterranean.—Cairo announced that a cruiser, a merchant vessel, and a destroyer were torpedoed and set on fire by British aircraft.

Far East.—R.A.A.F. bombers heavily attacked Japanese invasion forces in New Guinea. Port Moresby raided by Japs for tenth time. Japs made a further landing on New Guinea at Finschhafen.

Home.—Mr. Eden told the House of atrocities committed by the Japanese on the garrison at Hongkong.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 11 *921st day*

Russian Front.—Red Army breached a strongly fortified line on the Kalinin front.

Africa.—Free French announced capture of Axis outpost at Temessa.

Far East.—Army communiqué stated that fresh Japanese landings had been made in the Irrawaddy delta. Australian and American bombers carried out dawn to dusk attack on Japanese forces in New Guinea.

Home.—Mr. Churchill announced that Sir Stafford Cripps would go to India to negotiate on Government plan to end the long constitutional deadlock. Greek Maritime Court opened in London.

THURSDAY, MAR. 12 *922nd day*

Air.—R.A.F. made night raid on Kiel and other targets in N.W. Germany.

Russian Front.—Local successes by Soviet troops in several areas.

Far East.—Relentless air attack on Japanese in New Guinea continued. Thirteen enemy ships reported sunk or put out of action. Washington reported that a U.S. submarine had sunk three enemy freighters, and one passenger and cargo ship in Japanese waters.

Home.—Enemy aircraft shot down off Welsh coast.

FRIDAY, MAR. 13 *923rd day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombers attacked marshalling yards at Hazebrouck. Night raid on Cologne.

Russian Front.—Gigantic battles raging along the whole front. Several important points recaptured on the Donetz front.

Far East.—Operations proceeding in Burma in the Nyaungebin–Shwegyin area. U.S. Flying Fortresses blasted Jap airfields at Lae and Salamaua in New Guinea. Tokyo claimed occupation of Medan, capital of Sumatra.

SATURDAY, MAR. 14 *924th day*

Sea.—Admiralty communiqué on the three-day battle of the Java Sea gave Allied losses as twelve ships. British: Cruiser Exeter; Destroyers Electra, Jupiter, Encounter and Stronghold. Australian: Cruiser Perth and Sloop Yarra. U.S.: Cruiser Houston and Destroyer Pope Dutch: Cruisers Java and De Ruyter; Destroyer Kortenaer. Japanese losses not known. In English Channel, two E-boats sunk by surface patrols.

Air.—R.A.F. fighters destroyed 10 enemy aircraft without loss to themselves during offensive sweep over Channel.

Russian Front.—New Russian attack in Crimea.

Far East.—Officially disclosed that large contingents of U.S. troops were in Australia. In Burma, Jap patrols moving in direction of Taikkyi.

Home.—Enemy raiders over S.W. England at night.

SUNDAY, MAR. 15 *925th day*

Sea.—Five German E-boats sunk and five damaged by Navy and R.A.F. in night to dawn fight in the Channel. Destroyer Vortigern lost.

Russian Front.—Big Crimea battle continued. On central sector Red Army attacked Olshanks and Chotinetz, S.W. and N.W. of Orel. Railway to Kursk reported cut.

Africa.—R.A.F. carried out big daylight air raid on Martuba aerodrome in Libya.

Far East.—Gasmata and Rabaul heavily bombed by Australian and American bombers. In Burma, R.A.F. continued to hammer Jap concentrations and supplies.

General.—Hitler made excuses for Russian failure in speech at Berlin.

MONDAY, MAR. 16 *926th day*

Russian Front.—Soviet troops captured a number of villages in various sectors. Capture of a Black Sea port announced by Moscow radio.

Mediterranean.—Island of Rhodes attacked by British bombers and naval units before dawn.

Far East.—Jap fleet movements reported off W. Australia. Rabaul and Gasmata again bombed by R.A.A.F.

TUESDAY, MAR. 17 *927th day*

Russian Front.—Soviet communiqué stated that Russian forces had broken through enemy defensive positions on the S.W. sector of the front. Big-scale battle for Kharkov developed.

Africa.—Cairo communiqué reported repulse of strong enemy column in the Cherima area, 20 miles south of Tmimi.

Far East.—U.S. announced that Gen. MacArthur had been appointed Supreme Commander of all the United Nations Forces in the S.W. Pacific. Maj.-Gen. John Wainwright to command in the Philippines.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 18 *928th day*

Russian Front.—Stalin's armies closed in still further on the Rjev-Vyazma pocket. Gzhatsk reported encircled by Red troops.

Far East.—Communiqué from Sydney announced that 23 Jap ships had been destroyed in Allied air raids on Salamaua and Lae, in New Guinea. In Burma, Japs advancing up Irrawaddy river. Allied troops in action south of Kanyutkwin.

Home.—Bombs dropped at night near S.W. coast of England.

THURSDAY, MAR. 19 *929th day*

Russian Front.—Big battle in progress around the Smolensk road. Battle for Kharkov continued.

Far East.—American general, Lt.-Gen. Joseph Stillwell, appointed Commander of the Fifth and Sixth Chinese Armies in Burma.

Home.—A few bombs dropped at night in rural areas of S.W. England.

General.—Mr. R. G. Casey, Australia's Minister in Washington, appointed Minister of State and representative of the British War Cabinet in the Middle East.

ANY OLD CLOTHES?—FOR NAZIS

FOUR days before Christmas, 1941, Dr. Goebbels announced a collection of winter clothing and skis for the troops fighting on the Russian front. The newspapers spent a day or so explaining why it should be necessary to take such a step on behalf of an army so well-equipped as the German army was supposed to be, and why it had not been done earlier. Then the Nazi Party apparatus set itself in motion.

A considerable degree of pressure was employed, and it was made clear that counter-propaganda and sabotage, and theft of the articles collected, would be punished with death. Some of the provincial newspapers printed the names and addresses of families who gave little or nothing, and in some cases the refractory were arrested as saboteurs. In Silesia workers who were able to prove that they had no articles of clothing they could spare were forced to hand over 10 marks and a number of clothing coupons. But the wireless was careful to announce that expensive furs need not be given up, as they were too valuable a part of the national wealth.

The general public showed little trust in the collectors. Some persons insisted on having receipts for the articles handed over, while others sewed labels with their names and addresses into the garments, though this was forbidden. Skis and furs belonging to Poles and Jews, both in Germany and Poland, were simply confiscated. Industrial undertakings and wholesalers had to give up a part of their stocks—two per cent in the clothing industry. After the collection had been extended for a further week it was announced that 56,000,000 warm garments had been collected, among them 2,900,000 fur garments, 1,800,000 pairs of underpants, 2,400,000 ear protectors, etc. It appears that each sock and glove was counted as a separate garment.

The Nazi Party naturally made as much propaganda about the affair as possible. New trainloads of troops off for the front were publicly equipped at the railway stations. The broadcasting stations gushed. "You should have seen the joy of the soldiers, it was simply *unbelievable*," said a speaker over the Frankfurt radio on January 9. But for the most part the army had the job of sorting out the garments and distributing them, and a considerable part of the woollen articles found their way into the shoddy mills.

COLLECTIONS were made in twelve different countries. In Norway the police had already confiscated blankets as far back as October. In November the Rumanian Government had insisted on all Jews giving up a part of their clothing for the army; Jews who were so poor as not to be liable for income tax were required to give up at least a shirt, a pair of underpants, a pair of socks, two handkerchiefs and a towel; those who had none to spare had to buy them. During the new collection all Rumanians had to give up a blanket, two pairs of socks and two pairs of woollen gloves. The garments were collected by committees which were always accompanied by policemen. In Bulgaria money was collected to buy sheepskins. Belgian and Spanish Fascists organized collections for their own legionaries, and Slovaks and Croats for soldiers of their own nationality in Hitler's army in Russia. In Holland, Sweden and Switzerland collections were organized by Germans, but the Swedish Government forbade the export of the articles collected. In the Bohemian Protectorate the puppet President Hacha also organized a collection for the German soldiers.—*I.T.F.*

A GREEK MARITIME COURT, established in this country, was opened at the Middlesex Guildhall, London, on March 11. Lord Simon, who addressed the Court, is seen standing next to the President of the Court, M. Constantin Stavropoulos. *Photo, Topical Press*

'A Foreign Field that Is for Ever England'

WAR GRAVES OF TOBRUK where lie, far from England's shores, those men of the British and Imperial Forces who fell in a siege which formed one of the most glorious pages in Britain's military history. To quote the famous lines of Laurence Binyon—"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old: Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn."

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

French Papers Published at the Risk of Death

There is no liberty of the press in present-day France. The recognized newspapers which still appear in that unhappy country are Nazi-inspired and Nazi-controlled. Nevertheless, throughout the land, in both occupied and unoccupied zones, Frenchmen, at great risk, print and distribute clandestine broadsheets which tell the truth about what is going on in their own country and the outside world.

It is said in St. John: "the truth shall make you free," and today all Frenchmen who hope for freedom are risking imprisonment, if not their lives, to print, distribute or secure a copy of the secret news-sheets which alone have dared to print the truth. Despite the dire penalties which threaten all those people found to be in possession of these clandestine publications, they are distributed in thousands under the very eyes of the Nazis and of the police.

There are scores of these illegal news-sheets and pamphlets. Some of them are cyclostyled; some are hand printed from toy printing sets; others are printed on presses assembled from parts got together at great risk, and with great difficulty. Here are the titles of some of them: *L'Humanité, Pantagruel, Valmy, Résistance, L'Ordre Nouveau, Liberté, Peuple de France, Libération, Le Feu, La Voix de Paris, La Guerre Continue, La France Continue, Les Petites Ailes de France.* Many bear a motto or device which illustrates their tendency. Thus *Liberté* prints at the top of the page Foch's dictum: "A nation is never conquered until it accepts to be."

To avoid discovery by the police these underground publications must be continually on the move. Thus it is no uncommon thing to find on some of them, like *La Voix de Paris*, the mention, after the date: *Après le 32me déménagement* (After the 32nd move). Passed on from hand to hand, these news-sheets keep their countrymen informed of what is really going on in their own land, of the double-dealings of the traitors of Vichy, of the mass executions of which no details are officially made public, and of the need of continued resistance, even though passive, against the invaders.

How one of these papers—*Valmy*—was produced has been related in the newspaper France, published in London, by the man who risked his life for months to issue it, M. Paul Simon, a Frenchman who won the *Médaille Militaire* in the last war. Here is part of his story:

"The first two numbers were made with the help of one of those toy printing sets the rubber type of which is placed in a tiny four-line composing stick. The first number, of which fifty copies were printed and hand-corrected, was a month's work. The title was stencilled. The second issue took just about as long but this time we printed a hundred copies. The work was done in my dining-room. There were four or five of us busy on it, including one woman. For the second number we ran out of printing ink. This was a serious matter, since to obtain any more we should have had to ask for a buyer's permit from the police, a step which, as you will understand, we hardly felt inclined to take. The third and fourth numbers were typewritten, 150 and 300 copies respectively being printed. But there was a far greater number than this in circulation. In large private businesses the employees copied them either on the typewriter or duplicating machine so that often the copies were far better than the original. Typists would pass a whole day tapping them out, often with the tacit approval of their employers."

Now arose the question of distribution. M. Simon and his assistants applied the principle of the pentagon. Each of the five members of the original group was given a certain number of copies. He would then start other groups, the members of which would, in turn, start others, so that they themselves didn't know who the distributors were, and many times M. Simon was himself offered a copy of *Valmy*. What the total circulation of the paper and its copies was he has no idea, but one single organization managed to print 10,000 copies of each number.

"We ourselves (to continue our quotation) printed 500 and 2,000 copies respectively of numbers 5 and 6 with a stencil and a roller squeegee. Then we ran out of ink again, but managed to procure some from German offices. On July 14 (French national fête) *Valmy* appeared on blue paper with red and white lines and this time was printed in a real printing works. But from August onwards repression became very stringent. One never knew, on leaving in the morning, whether one would not be arrested before night. Our October number we had to burn as a result of a sudden alert. In November we found ourselves without a printer as ours went out of business. We found another, but one fine day the printer's daughter, frightened, threatened to denounce us. So we decided to go back to our old methods. The next issue was due to appear on a Saturday afternoon before Christmas. On the Friday I got wind of the news that I was to be arrested, so I immediately disappeared. I had learned a week previously that the editor of another clandestine newspaper had been shot.

"We received much anonymous help. Our paper was given away, not sold. The cost was at first met from our own pockets, but soon we received many gifts and our expenses were largely covered by the voluntary participation of the public. If such a thing were necessary, this in itself would be a proof of how the people of France are resisting the invader."

CLANDESTINE PAPERS which Frenchmen risk their lives to print and distribute. These and the voice of the B.B.C. are the only means by which Frenchman can get to know the truth.

By courtesy of La France Libre

Another of these underground newspapers, *Libération*, gave the first eye-witness account of the execution of French hostages at Nantes, telling how the men were led to a quarry and there massed against the walls while a machine-gun opened fire upon them: "An hour later," goes on the story, "lorries arrived and young and old were carted away, leaving behind a trail of blood and against the wall of the quarry dark pools of blood and crimson patches on the quarry walls.

"Next day thousands of people came with flowers and covered the bloodstained stones. These flowers are a pledge of revenge, a pledge that will be kept before long. A few days later the Nantes Kommandatur published a list of 48 names. Two names were missing and will not be revealed. The Germans are ashamed to admit that the two names were those of women."

Valmy was the second clandestine paper to be printed in occupied France. The first was *Pantagruel*. This paper, in one of its first numbers, commented thus on the bombing of French ports by the R.A.F.: "If we admit that the English are fighting for us at the same time as for themselves, and that is the true case, they are no more to be blamed than our own soldiers who blew up our bridges and destroyed our fortresses. That is one of the unhappy necessities inherent in war, and one can only judge them with fairness in recalling the reasons which dictate the acts." That is good sense and sound patriotism. "It is our ardent hope," states *Pantagruel*, "that an English victory will save France from the loss of several of her provinces, her colonies, from economic slavery and from forced inflation."

Here are some typical comments from other clandestine papers: *La Guerre Continue*: "Marshal Bugeaud, who conquered that North Africa which we are now handing over to Germany, liked to say—'An army of sheep led by a lion is more to be feared than an army of lions led by an ass.' The English have Churchill; we have Darlan."

L'Ordre Nouveau: "When the Germans and their agents talk of a New Order—an order under which apparently nothing works and one dies of hunger—when they talk of 'collaboration,' it is well to remember the declarations these same Germans have themselves made and which are being repeated in Germany today. Here are some samples:

> 'We must show that we are in this world to be masters of it, and that we dominate Europe.'
> *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung. Oct.* 1940.
>
> 'After the war Germany must digest all the conquered territories.'
> *Voelkischer Beobachter. July* 20, 1940.
>
> 'After the war, when we need labour, it is clear that the German workers must have the lion's part and that foreigners will only be employed as unskilled labourers.'
> *Das Schwarze Korps. Nov.* 21, 1940."

Despite all the efforts of the German and Vichy authorities to stamp them out, the forbidden pamphlets still pass from hand to hand, ill-printed proofs that "great is Truth, and mighty above all things."

Who Were the Real Criminals at Riom?

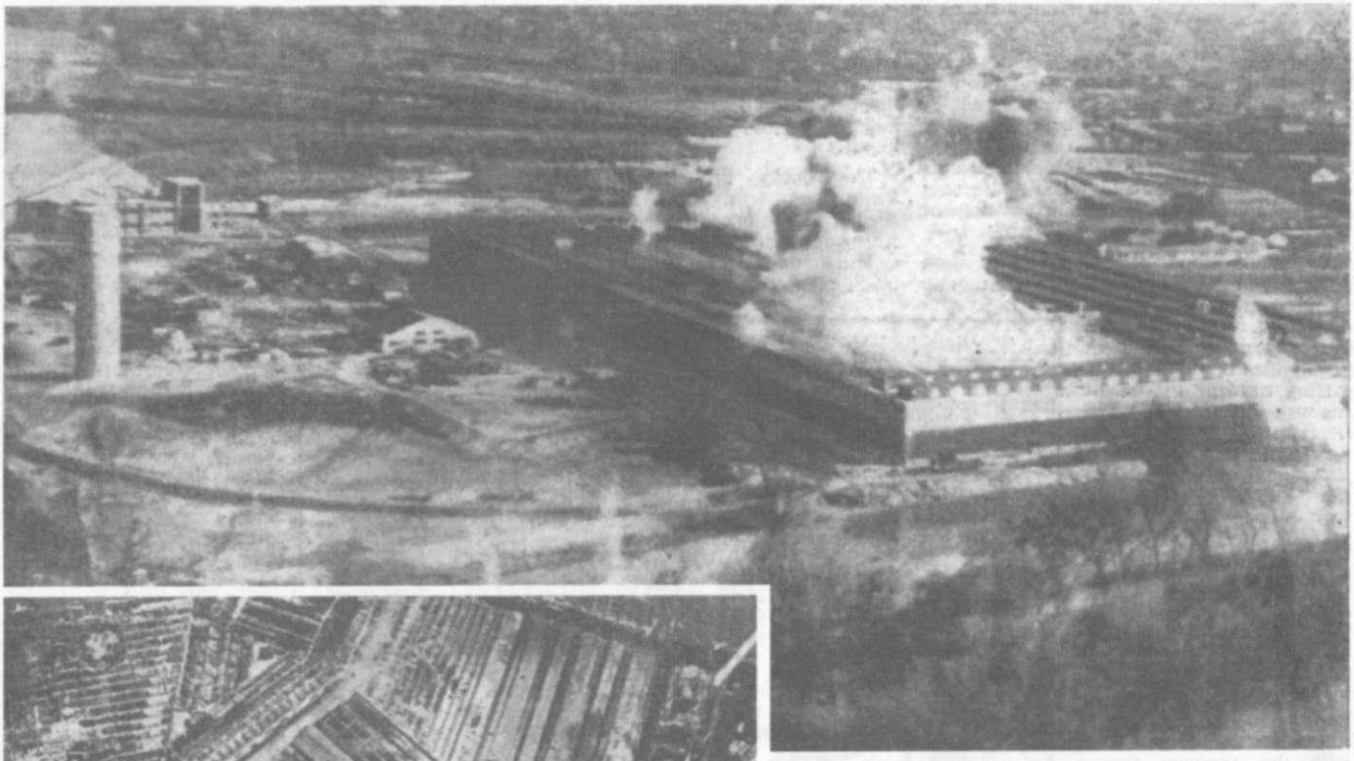
GUARDED COURT HOUSE at Riom at the opening of the "Supreme Court," when MM. Daladier, Blum, Guy la Chambre, Jacomet and Gen. Gamelin were arraigned on charges of war guilt. Right, Admiral Herr (in uniform), one of the judges, entering the Court House.

AT Riom, little town in the department of Cantal, in unoccupied France, began on Feb. 19 the much publicized and long deferred trial of MM. Daladier and Blum, former French premiers, M. Guy la Chambre, former Air Minister, General Gamelin, generalissimo of the French armies at the beginning of the Battle of France, and M. Jacomet, former War Minister. They are arraigned on charges of war guilt. M. Pierre Cot, also accused, is at present in America. Two members of the French Government which was in power shortly before the capitulation, M. Reynaud, former French premier, and M. Mandel, Minister of the Interior, are confined in the fortress of Portalet on charges which have not yet been fully defined. The Riom trial was instituted at the instigation of the Germans, who wished France, by a solemn verdict, to admit her responsibility for the war. The Vichy government, faced with a growing spirit of resistance in France, dared not openly lead the debates into this channel. Instead, it pursued the course of seeking to place upon the accused the responsibilities for France's defeat and took the opportunity thus afforded it of wreaking vengeance upon its political adversaries.

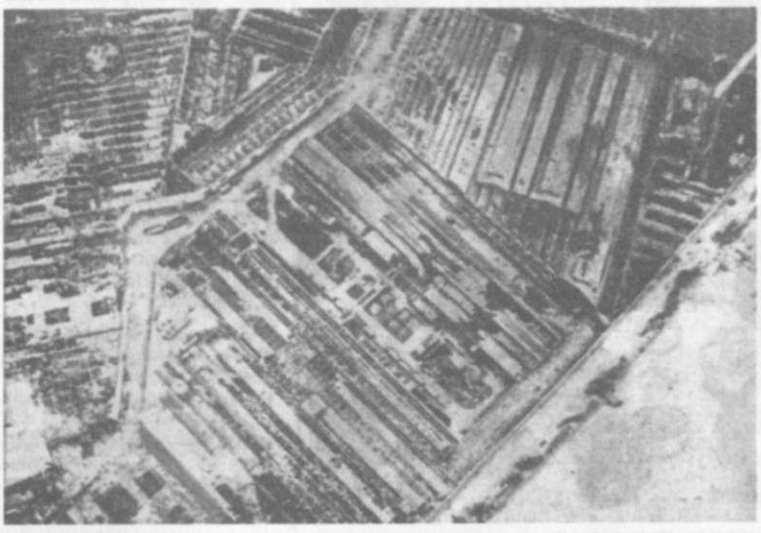
THE RIOM TRIALS opened on Feb. 19. In this photograph, the only one allowed to be taken in the Court Room, are seen eight of the nine judges, including the president of the Court, M. Caous, who are trying former members of the French government. On the left is the Prosecuting Attorney, M. Cassagneau. *Photos, Associated Press*

AFTER THE PARIS RAID on the night of March 3, when bombers of the R.A.F. destroyed the Renault factory at Billancourt which was turning out tanks for Germany. This photograph, taken from an R.A.F. reconnaissance plane which flew over the works on the following day, shows the still smouldering ruins and the complete destruction caused to the factory buildings after the R.A.F. crews had, to use their own words, pranged it." A marks the gaping hole in the top of the gasometer, and the letters B indicate wrecked tanks in an assembly shop which was entirely destroyed by fire. This shop was producing 27 tanks a week for Germany. A chaos of wreckage remains of what were once engine shops, rolling mills, stores departments, modelling departments, assembly shops, repair shops and foundries. *Photo, British Official*

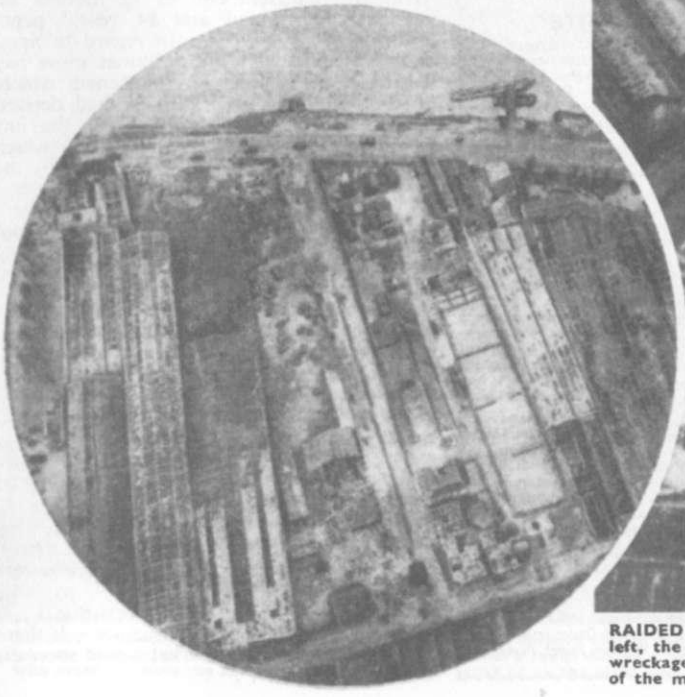
These French Factories Worked for Hitler!



BOMBS ON POISSY, near Paris, where Boston bombers of the R.A.F. attacked the Matford factory on the afternoon of March 8. This factory was engaged on the production of army lorries and transport vehicles for the Nazis.



DAMAGE AT BILLANCOURT after the R.A.F. had bombed the Renault works (see also photograph in page 602). These are the gutted foundries and rolling mills.



RAIDED RENAULT WORKS are shown again in the lower photographs. Circle left, the tank assembly shops, with many of the tanks clearly visible amid the wreckage. Above, 1 denotes the still smouldering ruins of workshops; 2, wreckage of the modelling department. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Short Shrift for 'Black Market' Traitors!

There's a battle being waged in Britain—a battle, to use the vivid phraseology of Admiral Sir William James, quoted below, of the People against the Parasites. Here we give an account of a few of the shameful activities of the "black marketeers."

Of late weeks the British public has woken to the fact that a dangerous form of Fifth Columnism has developed in our very midst. The "Black Market" traitors have so increased in numbers and entrenched themselves that, though thousands of convictions have already taken place, very many more cases are still awaiting settlement before the Courts of Justice.

An underground organization has been gnawing into the vitals of the people's morale like an ever-growing colony of rodents. So widespread and mysterious have been its ramifications that in the existing state of the law it was very difficult to abolish it. Not a day has passed but somebody has been prosecuted or imprisoned. The "small fry" have paid their fines or gone to gaol, but the "big bosses" behind the scenes have not infrequently managed to escape.

Black-market trade has become a form of profiteering far more vicious than ever occurred in the last war. In the first place, it is definitely illegal. In the second, it causes unrest by interfering with the excellent system of rationing and inducing people to break the law. Hardly surprising, then, that normal, decent, patriotic citizens have been nauseated by the unending list of prosecutions and the trivial punishments awarded, and have expressed their indignation that such treachery and corruption could flourish, especially at a time when Britain was threatened as never before in her history.

To what end, they ask, are our seamen facing death by night and day to bring in the food necessary to our salvation if such vermin as the black-market dealers are allowed to wax fat upon this scandalous business? Said the Chairman of the South Shields Food Committee recently, "We've shed more blood and tears than any other seafaring town, just so that this country can get its food. We are not going to be kind to the traders who exploit it. We can't rely on magistrates any more. They just inflict paltry fines."

Food, clothes, petrol, whisky—everything controlled or uncontrolled—apparently they can, or could, be had in large quantities if people were prepared to pay the price demanded. Shoppers have been encouraged to defeat the law by dishonest shopkeepers, and in some places regular days when these offences could be committed with impunity have become part of a commercial routine.

How have the black markets, which range over the length and breadth of Britain to a lesser or greater extent, been kept supplied? There is little doubt that the basis of this traffic was in an organized system of wholesale theft. Here are some figures: A Great Western Railway official has said that £200,000 worth of merchandize had been stolen during the year 1941, and over 1,000 arrests had been made. The Southern Railway has lost £160,000 worth of goods, and the value of pilfering on the L.N.E.R. has amounted to £300,000. The corresponding figure for the L.M.S. is more than £500,000. It must be remembered that the railways have been largely denuded of their permanent, fully responsible staff, and have had to employ a number of temporary hands.

The docks provide an obvious and fruitful source for goods for the racketeers. From five ships which had arrived in Liverpool 2,153 carcases disappeared, their eventual destination being dealers on the black market. Profits to be made on the black market have been enormous. Sugar worth £50 was sold for £162. 45,000 eggs were sold at 4s. 6d. a dozen. Chocolates were retailed at 2s. 4d. a pound above the legal price. These are typical instances of hundreds revealed in various Court cases. A restaurant run by enemy aliens, with a meat ration equivalent to the value of £1 per week, had been in the habit of supplying 300 steaks a day.

There has been no consistency in punishing the culprits. The public, however, long ago came to the conclusion that, generally speaking, the penalty was quite inadequate to the crime. One of the largest firms in South Shields was fined £1 and £1. 1. 0 costs for trading in illicit stocks. A cinema was fined £1,500 for obtaining excess rations. Some criminals went to prison, and some did not.

In the debate in the Commons on March 3, Major Lloyd George quite rightly reminded the public that "there could be no black market unless there was someone prepared to buy . . . It was the people who wanted something more than their neighbours who were responsible for the profits being made in this business. It was about time people realized that they had a duty to the State."

As a result of the growing storm of indignation, much heavier penalties for black-market crimes were announced on March 11. It was agreed that the existing Defence Regulations were inadequate, and instead of three months' imprisonment on summary conviction and two years on indictment, it was decided to raise the term of imprisonment to 12 months on summary conviction and 14 years' penal servitude on indictment. In regard to fines, it was decreed that the criminal must pay a sum at least equal to the benefit which, in the opinion of the Court, he had derived from the offence. In some cases the fine could be three times the price at which the offender had offered to sell or buy the goods in question.

Meanwhile, Scotland Yard have been concentrating their attention on the "big bosses" behind the racket, and it is hoped with the very much heavier penalties and a skilful and relentless offensive against all and sundry connected with the traffic, to stamp it out. Under the new Regulations a provision to cope with persons who receive commissions or other valuable considerations in respect of illegal transactions has been inserted. Since stocks for the black market depend to a large extent on theft, the new Regulations are designed to apply to cases of stealing or receiving controlled articles. But it is for the public also to assist in every way by treating this sinister business as a form of treachery, and where possible to report any racketeers that come to their notice. Let it be a patriotic point of honour with us to frustrate these criminals and bring them to justice. If there are no customers, the market would soon die a natural death . . .

THE BILL. *From the cartoon by Illingworth in The Daily Mail*

'PEOPLE v. PARASITE'

WE are now fighting the greatest and fiercest war of all time, and the stakes for us are the continuance of our existence as a nation. We are fighting on several fronts, in the Far East, in the Middle East, in all the seven oceans, and we are fighting in our own country the battle of the People against the Parasites.

Hardly a day passes without decent men and women being exasperated and infuriated by reports of police-court cases which are evidence that, though we have entered the most fateful year in our history, and though our sailors, soldiers and airmen are daily giving their lives for their country, we are nourishing in our midst individuals who were so aptly described recently as vermin, who are not only doing nothing whatsoever to help the war effort, but are thriving in sleek comfort on the proceeds of illicit dealings in commodities necessary to the well-being of our people. I do not know why these able-bodied men enjoy immunity from serving the country in the armed forces or the workshops nor do I know where they get their petrol, but I do know that this battle of the People against Parasites must be won by the people, and can be won if the people close up their ranks and take the offensive.

We can win the battle in this part of England, and win it quickly, if every member of the Naval personnel in the Command and every man and woman in the Royal Dockyard will from now on consider it his or her bounden duty to the country and to the men in the battle areas, to report to his or her commanding officer, or other suitable authority, when they have evidence that the parasites are at their filthy work.

I know that there are many people whose natural instinct is to avoid becoming involved in any cases where the law is put in motion, but the times are so serious that I feel it is my duty to call on every one to fight with vigour and determination in the battle of the People against the Parasite.—*General Order issued by the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir William James, Portsmouth*

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

Rommel's Tanks Charged At Us Full Tilt

Written by Reuter's Special Correspondent with the British troops in Libya, this dispatch gives a vivid picture of the conditions prevailing in that strange battleground. It was sent off from near Sidi Omar on Nov. 25, 1941.

I WAS standing outside H.Q. here near Sidi Omar when light tanks rushed up, reporting that they had engaged a force of between 30 and 40 German tanks which were now coming at full speed in our direction, endeavouring to take us in the rear.

An officer came out of his office, and looking through his glasses said: "They are about two miles off and coming in fast. Tell the artillery to smarten them up a bit." He was quite unconcerned, and found time to shake my hand and indulge in a few moments of social pleasantry, more as though welcoming a guest to a tennis party than directing a battle at its most trying moment.

Indeed, after watching the tanks for a few moments more, he turned back into his office and went on with his work.

This confidence in our defence proved well founded. The Germans had chased our light tanks, who with their superior speed had drawn them on into an area which was heavily mined by us, and where anti-tank guns and 25-pounders — ingeniously camouflaged — were ready to open up from close range.

The Germans came on at full tilt, as though not suspecting a trap. At the H.Q. officers stood on the roof of cars, the better to see the approaching clash. The Germans opened fire at our first defence line, but their guns could not make the range. Then the tanks turned broadside on and shot among our front, firing wildly as they went. The din was tremendous, for no sooner had the Germans exposed their flanks than our guns opened up on them. Columns of smoke shot up into the air as our shells burst, some of them oily black in colour, signifying that a tank had been hit. One tank—quite close to us by this time—burst into flames at once. The others slowed down and turned away, plainly damaged.

For about 15 minutes the fight continued, the Germans turning this way and then that in an effort to get within range of us. Then, seeing that they were out-gunned, they turned away and made off to the west. Some made the error of drawing away in single file along a ridge. They stood out on the horizon like toys and gave us beautiful targets. Our shells crashed in among them and did further damage. When the smoke had cleared, our men went out and found 13 German tanks knocked out, some of them completely destroyed by fire. Those which were merely holed were set on fire and destroyed, to prevent the Germans recovering them at any future time. Later, 15 German tanks were reported moving away to the west: these are believed to be the only survivors of this fight.

Changing the Wheel Under Fire

Before this happy culmination, however, there had been many anxious moments. We knew that fresh British tanks were on the way, but at the moment of the attack we had only light ones not intended to engage the German heavies. Furthermore, a great mass of transport had crowded back into this area for safety after Axis tank columns had raced down our left flank from El Gobi almost into Egypt.

A small party of war correspondents took part in this temporary withdrawal, travelling with a huge convoy carrying the staff of one of our army corps which made a forced march throughout the night and drove through minefields in order to take up a new position. As we drove to this point we passed lorry-loads of German prisoners being rushed to the rear. We wondered what they were thinking as German tank shells burst on the right of us, not more than two miles off, but with blank faces they hung on to the lorries like tired passengers on a crowded bus. At one point one of our cars had a puncture and we had to change the wheel.

We found ourselves left behind our column. As we worked we looked every now and then over our shoulders to note the German shell bursts creeping up on us, denoting that the tanks were getting nearer and nearer. One could not help recalling the exaggerated suspense scenes in early film dramas, when the villain giving chase seemed to be catching up with the hero and heroine all the time. It was difficult to imagine that we, too, were not players in an unreal drama.

On arriving at last in this area we were heavily shelled by German and Italian batteries holding out along the frontier to the north and apparently determined to sell themselves dearly. For most of the morning we were obliged to lie in shallow, hastily-dug trenches. Our cars were hit by fragments as the shells burst all around. As the German tanks were withdrawing after the battle described above, British bombers appeared in force and dived upon them. Indian troops near us stood up on their lorries, waving and cheering as our planes roared down to do their deadly work.

The Nazis withdrew some miles to reform, evidently with the intention of attacking the next day. But they are not being left undisturbed. British night bombers are over them now. Flares are falling on their encampment, and bombs are following them down. The night sky is also lit up by flames from a

ENEMY TANKS, armoured vehicles and mechanized transport ablaze and smoking after their capture by South African troops in Libya. An eye-witness account of the destruction of many of Rommel's tanks during a desert engagement is told in this page by Reuter's special correspondent, who mentions how the flames from burning Nazi tanks lit up the night sky. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Nazi tank still burning after four hours.

Three Italian prisoners brought in to our lines by the Indians were very fearful and pleaded that they should not be killed as they all had *bambini* at home. One of them, a corporal, said he had found the other two dying of thirst in the desert, and all of them had agreed to surrender as soon as they could find the British. "I tried to surrender months ago," the corporal told me, "but my officer had me handcuffed and I lost a stripe. I never wanted this war, and there are many more at home like me." All three seemed afraid that they might be sent to India, and asked in chorus: "Please, can't you arrange to send us to London?"

Other Italian prisoners I saw complained that they had had only a cupful of water apiece in the last three days. Of two wretched men just brought in, one was half-crazy with thirst and the other so hungry that he was trying to suck some nourishment out of an old discarded food tin that he had picked up. The few German officers among the prisoners seemed docile enough, as did the Germans of other rank. The rigours of this campaign seem to have taken the harshness and stiffness out of many a Nazi.

How We Scorched the Oil Wells at Palembang

This remarkable story of the destruction of the great oil plant at Palembang in Sumatra after the Japanese parachute attack was told to William Dunn, the Columbia Broadcasting System's correspondent, by Mr. L. W. Elliott, an official of the Standard Oil Company.

THE first Japanese parachutists landed at Palembang near the Standard refinery and inside the Shell refinery, only a short distance away, shortly after 9.50 on Saturday morning (Feb. 14). The paratroops in the latter refinery were eventually blown up with the plant.

By noon the Standard plant began to evacuate all non-essential employees. The refinery staff included 70 Americans, 300 Europeans and 3,300 native employees, all of whom have been accounted for. An operation crew kept on duty, together with Dutch army units, who were in constant contact with the enemy, and army experts waiting to blast the entire plant.

By two on Sunday morning the army experts went to work and in one hour destroyed all vital instruments, machinery and loose equipment. Time was then allowed for Dutch and native troops which had been holding off the enemy at four major points to retire to safety.

When this allotted time had elapsed fire bombs released simultaneously by an electrical system set the entire refinery stock ablaze with a deafening roar. Millions of barrels of petrol and crude oil petroleum products and priceless aviation petrol burst into immediate and inextinguishable flames.

This was only the beginning, however, for there still remained 81 miles of subterreanean pipe-line and the great oilfields themselves to be destroyed. Native crews, working by hand, ignited fuses which set off dynamite blasts spaced every few hundred feet for the entire 81 miles of the pipe-line, and did so in record time. The pipe-line passed under three large rivers. Dynamite charges had long ago been placed within the pipe itself as near the centre of the rivers as possible and explosions occurred at those points.

The methods used to cut off the flow of oil permanently from hundreds of wells in the fields themselves are a military secret, but I believed the enemy could drill three brand-new wells in less time than it would take them to open one of the old shafts.

The destruction of the wells, because of the large area to be covered, required all Monday and most of Tuesday. During this time a small force of Dutch soldiers fought a desperate fight against a much larger enemy unit, holding the Japanese at bay until the work had been completed.

The Japanese air troops actually did succeed in capturing one refinery on the banks of the Musei river, and hoisting the Rising Sun flag. The capture was effected when enemy troops, obviously operating with complete knowledge of the defence arrangements, landed in the refinery grounds inside the military guard and drove civilian employees out at the point of guns.

The hoisting of the Japanese flag was the first definite signal to the outside world that the enemy was in possession, but it was also the signal for a small military force to launch an heroic drive on the refinery to enable the planned destructions to take place.

The drive was successful so much so that the refinery joined all others in the district in a blinding blast of flames. Inside were the invading force and their Japanese flag.—*The Daily Telegraph.*

Through Snow and Ice Our Ships Struggled to Russia

This account of how supplies from Britain reached the Russian northern ports in spite of severe wintry conditions was given by Reuter's Special Correspondent, who travelled in a warship escorting one convoy.

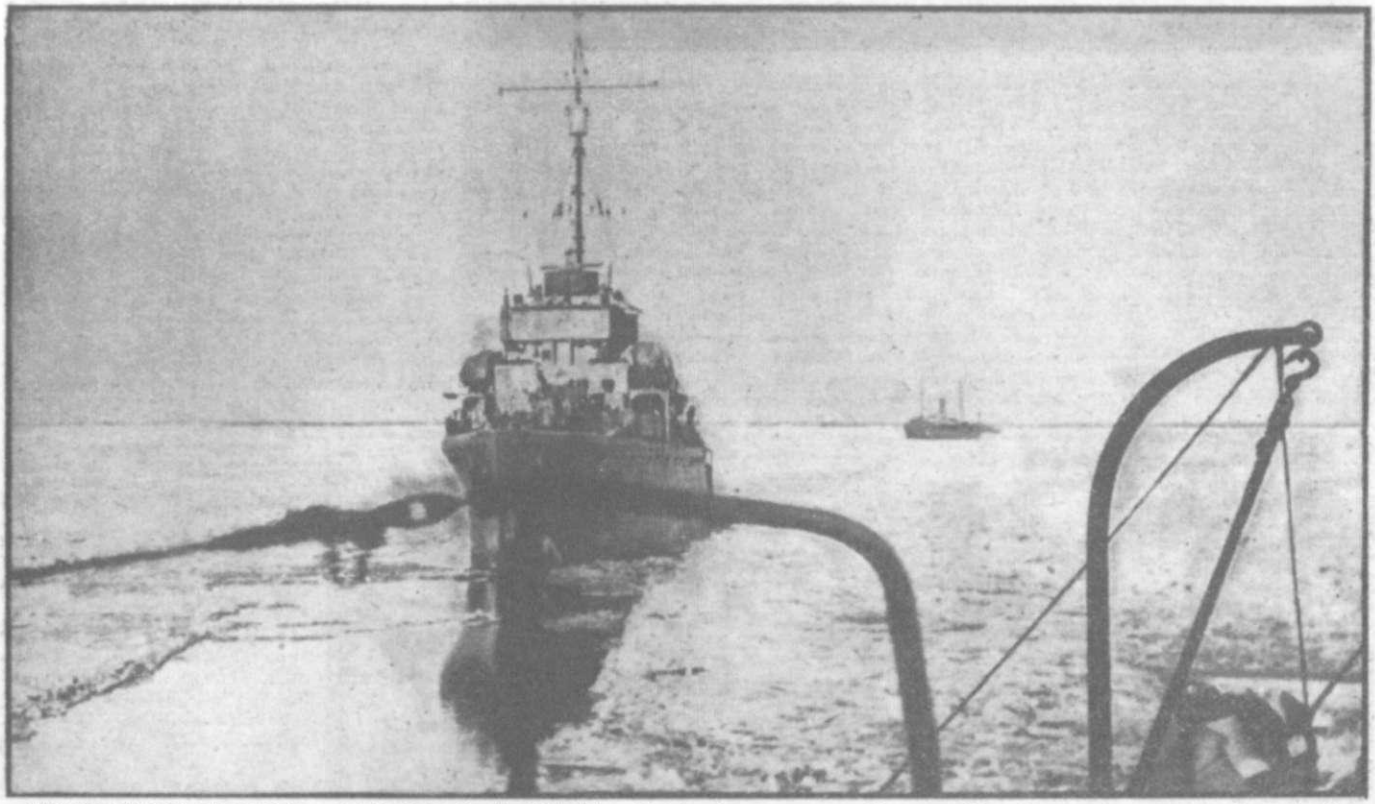
As we steamed farther and farther north, the hours of daylight grew shorter until it was light for barely four hours. The cold was intense and the wind, which always seemed to blow at gale force, brought snow-storms whirling round the ships, making navigation almost impossible, and the task of keeping stations in the lines of ships a nightmare.

Spray froze directly it touched the ships. Gun mountings had constantly to be de-iced and the breeches kept covered so that they could be fired, while the ice was as much as six inches thick on the barrels and armoured plating. Inside the ship, electric radiators were kept going day and night, but the cold was so great that ice formed on the cabin walls from condensation.

Sheepskin coats, fur caps, balaclava helmets, fleece-lined gloves, and special thick underwear were issued from the ship's stores and it was virtually impossible to recognize shipmates in the muffled figures to be seen on deck which showed only the end of a nose and two eyes.

The task of anchoring the ship on arrival was made more difficult by the fact that on the forecastle everything was frozen fast. Special steam jets had to be fitted before the anchors could be let go, and it was only after half an hour's hard work with these jets, and axes and hammers wielded by the anchor

PALEMBANG, a street in the market. The Japanese made a parachute attack on Palembang, great oil-producing centre in Sumatra, on Feb. 14. How the oil plant and the wells were destroyed while a Dutch covering force held the enemy at bay until the destruction had been completed is related above by an official of the Standard Oil Company *Photo, E.N.A.*



AID FOR RUSSIA is being fully maintained despite the difficulties which beset our convoys. Here are ships of one such convoy carrying valuable supplies steaming through the ice-covered waters of the Arctic. How British supplies have been reaching Russia's northern ports is described in an eye-witness article in this and the preceding page. *Photo, Fox*

party, that the capstan could be freed from its coating of ice and the cable prised loose from the deck.

Once we were at anchor a Russian naval captain and two lieutenants came on board. After completing their business with the captain, they were brought to the wardroom to be introduced to the ship's officers and have a drink. When everyone had a glass, a toast was called, "To the damnation of Hitler," which the Russian captain heartily reciprocated, and responded with a toast to three great men, "Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt."

In the meanwhile, the merchant ships had gone ahead and were berthing, while preparations were immediately put in hand for the task of unloading their stores of aeroplanes, tanks, guns, munitions and medical supplies. Thus another cargo of arms reached our allies fighting on the northern front without loss or damage to a single ship.

The Portuguese Treated Us Right Royally

Coming down in the Atlantic with engine trouble, the crew of a Lockheed Hudson were picked up by a Portuguese cargo ship and "treated right royally" before being taken off by a British destroyer. The following story was broadcast by the pilot.

WHEN our engine conked out over the Atlantic I looked for a Portuguese steamship I'd seen earlier. When I found her I gave the order "ditching stations," and put down on the sea about half a mile from the ship. The jolt threw me forward, my head hit the windscreen, and I was knocked out. When I came to I found that the water was over the top of me. I made one mad scramble and got through the emergency exit in the cockpit roof.

The boys had got the dinghy out. Even in this moment we got a laugh. The two air gunners had taken off their flying boots, and they started to get into the dinghy from opposite sides. Suddenly one of them yelled: "Sharks"! His feet had floated up underneath the dinghy and had touched the other gunner's feet.

Then we found another snag. The dinghy was still attached to the Hudson's door by the tube through which it is inflated with compressed air. Clippers are stowed in the dinghy specially for cutting this tube, but they were so securely packed up that we couldn't undo them. We all tried hard, but our hands were too cold. The Hudson was still floating, but she might go down at any moment—and take the dinghy with her. Finally my second pilot took the door right off the Hudson. We brought it into the dinghy, and cut the tube later, at our leisure.

The Portuguese ship had put about by now, and was making for us. All we had to do was sit there until she arrived. Suddenly we heard aeroplane engines. It was another Hudson from our patrol, flown by a pilot we call "Tich," who has the D.F.C. and D.F.M. He had come to make sure we were all O.K., and he flew round us with a wingtip just clear of the water, until the Portuguese ship picked us up. Then he waggled his wings and pushed off.

I was feeling pretty dicky by this time. I'd lost a lot of blood from the gash in my head, and they took me straight off to the ship's sick bay. The attendant there gave me a glass of port to pull me round. He looked at my head, dressed it, and said, "Alla right—very good." I found by experience that this was all the English he knew. But he made a beautiful job of my head, and, what's more, he lent me his pyjamas.

The others were quite all right after a hot bath. They dressed themselves in civilian clothes lent them by the Portuguese, and then sat down to a slap-up feed—six-course dinner, with wine and liqueurs, and a fresh-killed chicken as the big dish. I got up for lunch the next day, and found that the Congo—that was the ship's name—was bound for St. Thomas, in Portuguese West Africa, with cargo of wine and potatoes.

We had an absolutely grand time on board. From the captain down to the deck-hands they could not do enough for us. They treated us right royally—the captain even insisted that we should have our meals before he or any of his officers sat down. The first mate taught us to navigate in Portuguese, and we ended up by taking a watch for them. It helped to repay their kindness.

On the fourth day after we had been picked up, I was taking a sun-sight on the bridge when I saw two destroyers approaching. At that distance we couldn't tell whether they were friendly or not, so we kept out of sight until they got closer and we saw the Union Jack. Then we started shouting and waving our arms to attract their attention. But they stopped 200 yards away and hoisted flag signals, asking the Congo for her identity. The Congo replied, and our hearts sank into our borrowed boots as the destroyers turned away, satisfied that she was a neutral, and made off at twenty knots.

'Comings here—peoples aboard'

Suddenly the destroyers circled. They came back, and this time closed right in. An armed party put off. In a few moments they had boarded us, and we were saying good-bye to the Portuguese. They were very sorry to see us go—the captain had tears in his eyes.

On board the destroyer I found that just as the destroyers were leaving the Congo that first time, one of the wireless operators had picked up a strange message. It read: "Comings here—peoples aboard!" and it had been sent out from somewhere very near. Those were almost the only words of English that the Congo's wireless operator knew, and he had done his best to get a message through for us.

That was why we'd had an armed party boarding us—the destroyers expected to find Germans or Italians, but, instead, they found four Englishmen.

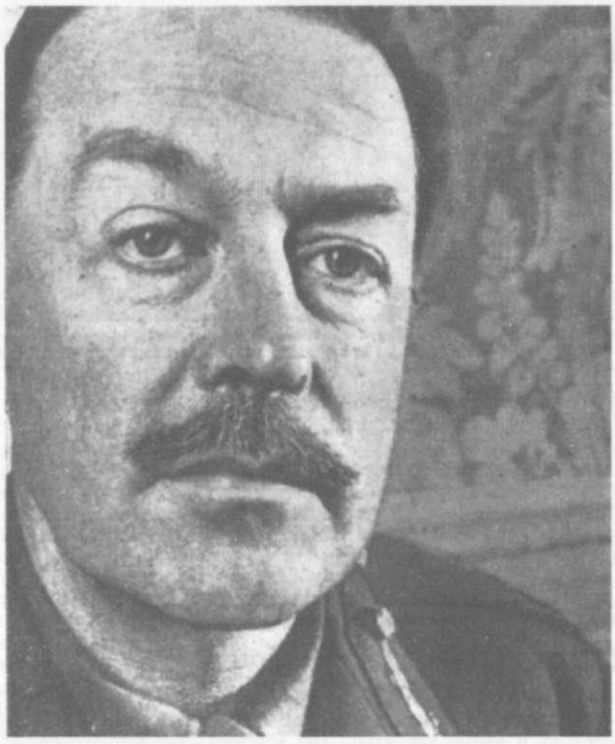
Editor's Postscript

HISTORIANS will agree that the two greatest surprises of the War were (1) the collapse of the French Army, and (2) the courage, fortitude and efficiency of the Russian Army. For years preceding the War, Europe, and especially Britain, had been deluded by the idea that France, whatever the vagaries of her politics, was an impregnable bulwark against German aggression. At the moment of peril her patriotism and military genius could not fail her. As soon as the alarm sounded all political corruption would disappear and the true France would emerge defiant and invincible. I remember my friend Henry D. Davray, most sincerely Anglophile of all French journalists, illustrating this to me in pencilled diagrams on the tablecloth of the restaurant where we were dining one night before the calamity had come upon us. It all looked dead easy and most reassuring in the pencilled diagrams; but what a world of fantasy we lived in then! All his theories proved no more indelible than the pencillings on the tablecloths. France fell because internal discord had so undermined the national spirit that unity, even in the face of aggression, was impossible. Sincerity and idealism had given way to cynicism and despair, and a kind of *sauve qui peut* for place, power and possessions was the result.

THE reverse is the story of modern Russia. After her defeat in 1918 Russia had to rebuild her world anew. The Soviets achieved in a generation what had taken the other great nations of Europe a hundred years to do, and a collective national idealism permeated the whole social fabric. Unlike the French people the Russians had been given something to believe in. If the rest of the world was unaware of this, it is because it was never allowed to know what was really happening in Russia. Here again political prejudice obscured the view. In no department more than in the Red Army, which celebrated its 24th birthday on Feb. 23, is the progress of modern Russia so conspicuous. Cradled in the revolution, its military spirit and technical efficiency increased year by year in readiness for the ordeal which Stalin knew would come upon it.

BUT while there was reason enough for you and me to be kept in ignorance of what a splendid military machine the Soviet generals were building up, it is absurd to think that the man who made the greatest mistake about Russia was the one who had most opportunities for knowing all that was happening there: Adolf the Omniscient! In marching east Hitler made the defeat of Germany inevitable, as I have pointed out in a recent number. Yet, how could Hitler have refrained from attacking Russia? In "Mein Kampf" he explicitly states that parts of Russia were to be German colonies; and in any case Nazism cannot exist in Europe unless it destroys all other systems of government.

MR. GEORGE ORWELL writes an excellent article on Kipling in that excellent monthly Horizon, which I usually read from title page to imprint every month with great spiritual profit . . . But Mr. Orwell must not be allowed to get away with the assertion that "it is possible that it was Kipling who first let loose the use of the word 'Huns' for Germans." Which reminds me that an old lady, writing to me on behalf of self and partner, when I started publishing World War in 1934, said that she would cancel her order if I allowed the Germans to be called Huns, as she had protested against my doing so in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED of 1914-18. I replied that not all the old ladies in England, Scotland, Tunbridge Wells, or the Empire would prevent my doing so. It is one of the few things about the late unlamented Kaiser that I admired: his honesty about the Huns. For he was "the onlie begetter" of "Hun" as a title for the German (of all classes, let me add, even including the liberal-minded Professor Haeckel, who approved the War of 1914).



Lt.-Gen. SIR H. R. L. G. ALEXANDER, who succeeded Lt.-Gen. Hutton as G.O.C. Burma, was the last man to leave the beaches at Dunkirk. He was recently G.O.C. Southern Command.
Photo, Topical Press

ONE of few encyclopedias in which you will find this point elucidated is my own Universal Encyclopedia—I saw to that. "Gain a reputation like the Huns under Attila," said William of the withered arm when sending his troops out to China for the relief of the Peking legations in 1900, he, poor posturing fool, personating Attila! Hence Hun and all that the word implies has stuck to the German ever since, and I shall be glad if Mr. Orwell will make a note of this. Mr. Orwell, by the way, is a writer of taste as becomes every contributor to Horizon. Perhaps he would tell me what he means by the phrase "sooner or later" which he uses while criticizing other phrases. Sooner than what? Later than when? I'm always open to learn. Myself I write "soon or later," which in a sense answers both of my questions by rendering them unnecessary.

A NEW book on Thomas Hardy reminds one of a great writer and an essentially kind spirit. One wonders what the Sage of Wessex would have made of this most terrible of all wars. When he wrote The Dynasts he was concerned with what was regarded in Victorian times as the culminating drama of conflict. Hardy lived to see the Napoleonic wars surpassed by the Kaiser's war of 1914-18. But once more Britain's genius triumphed. Yet within a generation the struggle began again with increased violence, and a totalitarian significance involving nearly every human being in cruelty and suffering. Such a repetition of history might well justify Hardy's so-called pessimism.

BUT the author's fatalism was never of the cynical kind. It derived from the deepest sympathy with human beings thrust against the inscrutable forces of destiny. He was too profound a poet, and had too great a sense of beauty, including the beauty of tragedy, to forget the courage and dignity of men and women in the appalling predicaments of this life. The courage and dignity of the free peoples, opposed to the tyrants and their hordes of slaves, provide the strongest grounds for our hope. They are a spiritual barrier against which Hitlerism cannot in the end prevail. We survived Dunkirk and we shall survive Singapore and Rangoon, and any other incidental defeats because faith in our cause is invincible. Britain has been going through a dark period of the war, but to be depressed about it is to loosen the sinews of that faith and resolution. Thomas Hardy, who wrote some fine patriotic poems, would never have despaired of our victory in the Second World War, and he would surely have given us some memorable poem to console and hearten us, pessimist though he was.

I AM glad to be reminded by one of my readers who shares my anxiety about the fate of the horse in the present war, that the R.S.P.C.A. is actively engaged in a big drive to raise £100,000 for the purchasing of veterinary requirements which would, as far as humanly possible, alleviate the inevitable sufferings of the horses which are so essential to the war effort of our Russian Allies. As I pointed out in my last reference to this subject, the Russian is as sympathetic to his horse as the Arab is traditionally supposed to be (thanks in large measure to Caroline Norton's once famous poem), but I cannot recall any similar trait in the German being celebrated in verse or prose, and I am certain that nothing but the commercial value of their animals and their usefulness in the war is likely to appeal to the Nazis. All lovers of animals will be only too delighted to help even in the smallest way to minimize the suffering of the horses, be they used by enemy or Ally (I note that a great many of the Nazi cavalry have happily fallen into the hands of the Russians) and if that £100,000 can be raised by the R.S.P.C.A., it is obviously going to be quickly turned to merciful use. Sir Robert Gower, R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, will receive and acknowledge contributions.

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